

CAVALCADE

APRIL, 1955 1/6

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transmission by post as a periodical



ZANE GREY —
His life story — Page 21

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**A FORTUNE FROM
BEGGING** — Page 37

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CAVALCADE

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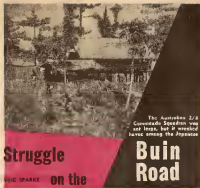
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NEXT MONTH

Cavalcade has a busy list
next month. There will be
many more pictures and one
feature will be a special one
on the life of a woman. No
one can afford to be without
Cavalcade. Look for the new
feature, WHY? AND LOOK
VILLAGE. Read WHAT HIR-
ROFF DREAMS YOUR CHAIRMAN
and FRODO - FRODO'S IN
APPROACHING. And many
will want to read THE FIGHT
THAT BEGAN THE BANG,
which will be the first of
THE LIFE OF LONG-LOVED
LIVING. For those who like
mystery, there is THE LOST
PART: A LOST PART OF
a, a part of Macgregor's life
which is not in school history
books. Cavalcade will be
201 picture stories, more of
the month and in other two
times, readers have come to
know it. It also has a new
page spread of cartoons and
14 stories.



The Australian 1st Commando Squadron was not alone, but it worked havoc among the Japanese.

Struggle

ERIC SPARKE on the

Buin Road

THE track ahead was deserted, a patchwork of shadow and filtering sunlight. The yellow man did not expect trouble here. The front line was many miles away. The jungle was strangely silent as if it were brooding beneath the weight of vegetation and the oppressive atmosphere.

It seemed against the edges of this thin pencil line, once the Government road to Buin, beyond at the southern end of Bougainville, now the main line of communication for the Japanese troops moving to the front.

The Australian commando had been active lately so the party was a large one. The file of infantry

was followed by 40 members of the Imperial Navy. A total of about 130 of them slowly descended the trail to the Mokol River ford.

And hidden in the jungle, watching them go past, were seven white men and two native guides. Seven men with automatic weapons, experts in the art of ambush and concentrated fire. Seven commandos prepared to strike the single advantage of surprise against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

The leader of the Commando was lieutenant Bryan Kilian, new of Myinga, and among his men were two who have become well-known Australian authors—Tom

Stangerford and Peter Penney.

They began to count the men as the passing parade—one . . . two . . . three . . . four. A hailstorm of death came from the rainforest; a swirl of Owen gun shells burst from an unseen enemy.

Then the trail was covered with writhing figures and the jungle responded to the momentary balance of tommyguns and screams of pain and alarm. This was the characteristic snail of Japanese infantry before a surprise attack that the Commando had come to expect, the pause which allowed them to break havoc and escape time and again completely unscathed.

But on this occasion a new element intruded and the Commando found themselves in the unbridled corner of their long counter on Bougainville. That element was naval personnel.

It was the first time they had been seen during the campaign. They were nearly all slender tall, clean-shaven, dressed in neat grey uniforms, and wearing caps decorated with emblems. They did not panic as the other Japs had done. Swiftly they faded back into the jungle, obviously operating to a pre-arranged battle drill.

There were no shouted orders. Only a series of whistle blasts which controlled their movements with a precision that was almost amazing. Within a few moments, the Commando were subjected to a barrage of mortar shells from cup dusters, machine gun fire, and grenades.

More whistle blasts and the Japanese marines began to advance, flanking out to come at the ambush party from the flanks. The determination of this attack pulled the enemy infantry who had been

allowed to pass through the ambush. They became a new threat and the commando saw that they were in grave danger of being outflanked, that they were now facing a major assault by disciplined troops.

Owen guns blazing from the hills, the commando made their withdrawal. So accurate was their fire that 19 men, including two officers, were killed. The commando left behind a single casualty, Trooper Alan Cobb, believing he was dead.

Later, back at their headquarters at Moriamore, in the heart of enemy territory, they were told by natives that Cobb was still alive. The natives said they had covered him with banana leaves to hide him from the Japanese.

There was no hesitation. Though darkness had fallen, a commando patrol trekked through miles of jungle back to the ambush area and returned safely with their wounded comrade.

This was only one of the countless fighting patrols made by the 1st Commando Squadron from their deep lairs Japanese-held jungle. It was a squadron whose jungle-craft was astonishing and whose skill at ambush, the sudden attack, and the lightning withdrawal, was such that, at the end of the war, it had built up a remarkable record of success.

During the whole Bougainville campaign, the squadron casualties were seven killed and 20 wounded. In return, it killed at least 100 enemy, took seven prisoners, wounded 600 and "probably killed" a further 30.

These are conservative figures. Often they could not follow up their attack to ascertain the result of a raid. The effect of the unit on the enemy was not restricted to the number of enemy slain

More important still was its effect on morale. The Japanese soldier was likely to be killed in his sleep, as he lived up far across ponds, waded a creek, or rested in the sun.

No jungle trail was safe. Miles behind the lines to lonely ant-eater huts where they tended gardens to feed their battalions, Japanese would suddenly be hit with a storm of bullets and grenades from an unseen foe—a foe which took little regard of numbers, seemed to be everywhere, and yet could never be found.

Typical of this was an attack on enemy found in five huts in the Shimanu area, where the squadron was based at Nihara. At the first flash of dawn on a troop patrol under Lieutenant Lawson-Dock closed in and killed 14 of the enemy and captured weapons and documents. Later in the day, a small patrol returned to make a more detailed search of the area and found 10 Japanese had again occupied the huts. The Commando killed four with the first burst, and in the subsequent fire-fight, killed three more. In both actions the commandos had no casualties.

In its behind-the-lines role, this independent company was often the first to establish contact with small groups of allies who had somehow survived the brutal push of Japanese occupation.

From Kurale Mission Commando patrols brought back three Indian POWs who had escaped from the Japanese. In the Jaba River area, 36 Chinese refugees from Kieme and Commando patrols at Deberala.

It was the commandos who passed back to safety two R.A.A.F. men who had crashed in a Wernsey in enemy territory, and two more and a missionary who emerged from the jungle in the last stages of exhaustion and emaciation.

They rescued many others.

The squadron had many subsidiary roles besides "hunting out the enemy and destroying him". The commandos obtained priceless track information, to some extent they helped protect the flank of our main forces driving south and their presence did much to win back the loyalty of the natives.

Around the Commando base large Anzac compounds were established in which hundreds of natives were housed. These natives acted as guides, unarmed watchmen along the paths leading to the commando headquarters, and sometimes engaged in guerrilla warfare with captured Japanese rifles.

The Japanese did not launch a full scale attack on the commando strongholds. The commandos were always below strength, a relatively small force isolated from the rest of the Australian troops and relying mainly on air-dropping for its supplies. But some of the Japanese who saved them from more violent attacks than they received were that the enemy was receiving continual pressure from our main forces, the commando bases were cleverly sited and hard to find, when supply dropping from the air was observed it gave a false impression of the strength of the unit because with the railways for the commandos might be indicated routes for a large offensive, and because the sightseeing of the horde of natives around the commando outpost made it almost impossible for the enemy to approach unobserved.

From the time it made its first strike against the enemy at Anzac, through to the early stages of ant-eater sweeps at the Jaba, then on to Savala Mission, Makapaka, and Nihara, the commandos had taken a heavy toll of the enemy. They

made things so hot on No. 2 Government road, renamed Commando Road, that the enemy had to come along it.

The commandos struck this road first on March 16 to 20, 1945, and killed eight enemy. Two further ambushes dispatched two more. Then, on April 3 Commando Road was covered at the Tarama River crossing. Forty to 50 of the enemy moving up the track discontinuously halted for a rest in the cleared area which part of the ambush was covering. The patrol opened up with grenades, automatic and rifle fire, killing 15 for certain and possibly a further 10.

But it was when the squadron moved to Morobango that it really got into its stride. It staged successful strikes in many areas, but none quite so spectacular as those achieved on the Bala-ped.

The record they compiled in a couple of weeks activity on this strategic road was amazing. On May 26, two fighting patrols were dispatched to the Bala-ped. No. 1 Section, under Lieutenant Clifton had an ambush 400 yards east of the Mohai Road. After a short wait, parties of 10 and 8 entered each end of the ambush simultaneously. Withering fire on this concentrated target killed 10 and probably another two. Returning to base, a two-man detachment of this patrol engaged a large party of enemy and killed two.

Further east, 6 Section, under Lieutenant Kilian, conducted a hot concentration. Several unoccupied huts were searched in the moonlight. At first light, heavy fire was directed on the three occupied huts. Only one enemy was seen to be killed but casualties among the damaged men must have been heavy.

On May 31, 5 and 6 Sections departed as fighting patrols. Lieutenant Kilian's patrol ambushed a truck near the Mawa River crossing, poured fire into the engine and vulnerable parts of the vehicle, and of the 10 occupants, killed seven and wounded three.

The following day Kilian's patrol ambushed the large Japanese force which included the six-ton metal personnel.

Two days later 1 Section, under Lieutenant Barrett, raided enemy living in a garden area. The commandos struck at first light and killed 15 enemy.

A few days later, a patrol ambushed 15 enemy near the Mawa ford and killed 11. On June 14, 1 Section, under Lieutenant Parry, killed all of a party of seven enemy in the same area.

These were actions typical of the commandos. As the official report puts it in a careful understatement: "The effect of all this activity was to make the enemy far more wary."

It was on August 11 that the commando squadron received the order to "cancel land raids and fighting patrols". A few days later they struck the Bala-ped again, this time on their way home.



Members of the Australian commando center with native guides over a map.

Their love cost TWO LIVES



The Frenchman's passionate love for the bar-keeper's wife became too strong for him. He had to eliminate the obstacle.

PETER HARGRAVES

BIARRITZ, the gay and colourful French Riviera resort, was thronged with pleasure seekers at the height of the 1934 winter season. Two people in the throng were of special interest. She was a tall, dark-haired, thirtyish Englishwoman. He was French. Short and dapper, with a magnificent beard, he possessed the appearance of a career diplomat and the appeal, apparently, of a Valentino.

Their paths crossed when she picked her up in the lounge of the fashionable Hotel Victoria where she was staying. They loved—through Biarritz, Paris, London and the small Surrey town where she lived.

As a result, the woman found

her life and happiness shattered—and two men to whom she had given her love died.

Mrs Mabel Theresa Jones was on holiday to recover her health and needed peace after the collapse of a business venture and her subsequent bankruptcy. Her husband of 18 years—bluff, hard-drinking Alfred Jones—retained in England to look after a hotel—the "Blue Anchor" of Hythe, Surrey.

She found the resort pleasant enough, but she could not completely throw off her unhappiness due to a growing sense of loneliness. So she was not averse to the attention of the magnetic Jean Pierre Vaquer. He was a dandy and an accomplished ladies' man

for all his rather magnificent mustache (five feet four inches in thick-shaved beard), prominent nose, bushy eyebrows and scented beard.

A radio mechanic, he dabbled and serviced sets in various hotels, including the Hotel Victoria. He was having a loud-speaker in the lounge when his gaze fell on the slim, attractive and unattended Mrs Jones. Neither could speak the other's language, but that was not sufficient to deter Jean Pierre Vaquer. He rushed out, purchased a dictionary and with go and conducted a halting conversation that resulted, in a week, in the winning of Mrs. Jones.

Then Frenchman, who was about 10 years older than his conquest, confided he was born at Nizet, the son of a farmer. He had left school at 15 and became an engineer. He had recently switched to radio. Five years before, he said, he had been divorced from his wife of nearly 15 years.

In her turn the lady told of her business failure. She described her unhappy married life with a husband who drank the profits of his hotel and frequently ill-treated her.

After a month, the English affair between the Frenchman and the Englishwoman was interrupted by a telegram from home that Alfred Jones, of the Blue Anchor, had demanded his wife's return home.

Vaquer overcame his linguistic difficulties sufficiently to impress on Mrs. Jones that she would no longer be worth living if she left him. He asked until tears ran down his beard. He begged her to stay with him in France. Although he was not making much from radio, he promised that he would be able to keep her in

luxury as soon as he sold a revolutionary savings-making machine that he had invented.

Mrs Jones was unimpressed. She was not prepared to abandon the security of a hotel for the chimerical promise of a strange machine. No, she said, it would have to be home to Alfred Poynter Jones.

She packed and, on February 4, left Biarritz, bound for Surrey and the Blue Anchor. The amorous Frenchman followed and caught her in Paris. They tarried for three days and then Mrs. Jones resolutely continued homewards. On February 8 she stopped off the boat train in London into her husband's arms.

Jean Pierre could stand the separation from his adored one for only 24 hours. On February 9 he, too, arrived in London.

Mrs. Jones had told him of a good hotel in Bloomsbury. He registered there and with the aid of the booking clerk sent off a telegram to Mrs. Jones. It announced that he would follow her to the ends of the earth to be near her and suggested that she hop the next train up to London to be re-united with him.

Mrs. Jones came almost immediately. They dined and she did not return to the Hythe hotel until the next day. Mr. Jones had gone off for a holiday himself to Margate.

However, she told Vaquer that she could not continually trapeze up to London. She would be able to see him only on occasional quick trips. That did not suit the ardent Frenchman. Very well, he told her, if she would not come to him, then he would go to her.

Accordingly, he borrowed £14 from Mrs. Jones, paid his bill at the Bloomsbury hotel and accompanied her back to Hythe. He

took a room at the Blue Anchor and then became a guest in the hotel of the man whose wife he was visiting.

The "crash" on the hotel-keeper's wife was apparent even to the casual observer. The manager of the Blue Anchor in fact noted his dog-like, sniggering devotion of a man in love.

"Vaguer," he later gave evidence at court, "never left her side if it was at all possible to stay with her. He followed her everywhere she went, never stepped at arm's length when she was away from him, and could not bear to be parted from her even for a few minutes."

On February 13, Mr. Jones arrived back unexpectedly from a holiday. He had taken sick and was ordered to bed to ward off pneumonia.

Under his wife's solicitous attention he soon recovered. The volatile new guest from France also went out of his way to help the sick hotel-keeper. He limited his visiting him in his bedroom and rigged up a radio receiver to his bed.

But Mrs. Jones was cooking to the Frenchman. Vaguer was definitely on the way out—but he could not see it. It was a sticky situation and could not continue indefinitely. It was when Jones was up and about again that he discovered the new barkeeper's interest in his wife. Several times he creased corners in the dining room and stalked off in both directions to begin an all-night drinking bout.

Time passed and in Vaguer's mind—addled with now unrequited love—there was born a scheme which was as foolish as it was dishonest and doomed to failure.

About the beginning of March, Jean Pierre Vaguer went up to London for the day. His destina-

tion was a chemist's shop he had visited while staying at the Bloomsbury hotel. On his first visit he purchased an assortment of chemicals—code of two, copper acetate and cobalt nitrate. He explained that he wanted them for radio experiments.

A few days later he appeared with a new request—for strychnine. It was supplied to him after some hesitation and he signed the poison register under the name of "J. Wacker".

Over the following weeks the atmosphere at the Blue Anchor was strained. Vaguer continued to pester Mrs. Jones to leave her husband and sleep with him. Jones began to drink even more heavily than before and drop hints to the Frenchman that his mounting bill at the hotel should be paid.

Mrs. Jones tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by sending the guest to sell his revolutionary sausage machine. They had no luck, and even she must have doubted its worth as she quickly told her husband to refuse Vaguer's request for a loan instead of future earnings.

Eventually Vaguer decided to play his drastic trump card. On Friday, March 16, Jones gave a party for some of his acquaintances and remained up, drinking in the hotel bar, until one o'clock in the morning.

The Frenchman later testified that often happened, the hotelkeeper would awaken with a thick head in the morning. Then he usually descended to the bar-parlor in search of a pick-me-up—a dose of brown pills which he kept in a bottle under the counter.

When Jones came down at about 100 a.m., Vaguer was already installed in the bar-parlor drinking his morning coffee. He had been

sitting there for several hours. Jones murmured a morning greeting to his guest, got a tumbler of water and mixed himself a fixing drink. He gulped it down and then immediately tried to spit out the last drops in his mouth. His face was screwed up in distress and he shook his head. "That was bitter," he cried.

His wife entered at that moment hearing her husband's complaint. She went to the bottle of pills and tasted a grain or so to her tongue. "Daddy," she then declared, "these have been tampered with."

She mixed Jones an emetic but her fears were realized in 20 minutes when he began to exhibit the symptoms of strychnine poisoning—stiffness at back of the neck, a twitching of the muscles, a feeling of suffocation and violent spasms of convulsions.

A doctor was summoned. Frantic efforts were made with numerous doses of the usual antidotes. They had little effect. Within half an hour of swallowing his pick-me-up, the patient was dead.

Mrs. Jones went to the bar-parlor to secure the bottle of pills her husband a candy. It had been thoroughly washed—as had the tumbler and spoon.

According to a witness in later court proceedings, she saw Vaguer standing at the door and told to him, "You have murdered my husband." The Frenchman shrugged. "Yes, Mada," he was reported to have admitted, "for you."

Scotland Yard men soon arrived. But although suspicion centred on Vaguer, there was no real proof. There was not even enough evidence to hold him under arrest. He was permitted to move out to another hotel nearby, but placed under surveillance.

A fortnight passed. Scores of

HE LAGGED WITH THE HAG

"I have trouble with you as all the others,"
Shouted the owner to the jockey.
"Who didn't you keep up with the other horses,
Instead of being so cocky?"
The hoop had taken it as other horses,
But it was no good trying to be kind.
"If I'd kept up with the other horses,
I'd have left your nag behind!"
—AH-EH—

newspaper reporters descended on Elysee. The Frenchman strided amongst them, obviously enjoying the situation and gloating on his own cleverness. Daily he talked with the reporters, even lunched with some of them. He tried to sound out the possibilities of selling his life story for publication.

When Jones was buried he breathed more easily and became as sure of himself that he even posed for a photographer's picture. That picture placed a noose around the neck of Jean Pierre Vaguer.

It was recognized by the Bloomsbury chemist from whom he had purchased the strychnine. He contacted the police.

On April 18, 1934, Vaguer was arrested. In quick order he was tried, found guilty and hanged in Wandsworth Prison. Guards who plucked him on the scaffold reported that he was breathing and apologetically explained, "I am afraid I am not very brave, gentlemen." His last words as the trap was sprung were a shout, "Vive la France!"

It was more than money they were playing for—it was life. Yet both were playing to lose—in order to win!



WILL ELLIS

DEATH to the WINNER

I LIKED to spend a quiet night at Jake's joint. Jake ran his game fair and square. From the time the sixth pay out at the table till the last deal after five-thirty in the morning, it was strictly all cards from the top of the pack and dough on the table.

I got to Jake's early this night. The cops hadn't let up watching me over a job they thought I did, so I had to take things quietly. I managed to scrape up a bank of a hundred quid to sit in on the game. You had to be prepared to do at least a hundred and you couldn't sit off when you were ahead. Once at the table, there were only two ways of leaving on your feet—by losing all your bank, or at five-thirty, when the game broke up. Only one starter

in the little ante room on the third floor and the door was bolted.

Heads up Jake, there were three others already sitting at the table when I arrived. Socker Crane was one of them. I hadn't expected to see Socker around for some time unless it was at the racetrack. Socker had shot up one of Carl Strong's boys in an argument. Carl swore he'd get Socker.

I said I went round to Jake's for a quiet night. I could not that wasn't a very good bet when the sixth pay to walk in was Carl.

Now, don't think guns started blazing there and then. That's not Jake's way. He runs a peaceful game and no one would make a threat, let alone draw a rod.

Jake closed and bolted the door. "Well," said Carl, his thin lips

drawn tight across his whole, even teeth. "It's nice to see you're still around, Socker. I been looking for you all over town. I got something for you."

I could practically see Socker's veins bulging over. He aimed to lose his hundred quid and get out before five-thirty.

Big Jake lumbered across the room and sat down. "O.K.," he said, "Get for deal. The highest takes it. You all know the stakes. Two quid taking, the man after the dealer at blind and the blind can be ruined in succession. You can double the stake as long as someone before you has accepted to play. O.K. Steve is highest with a king. Take the deal." He tossed a new pack of cards across the table.

I was first after the dealer and blind, so I had last say. I just left my cards on the table and watched the others. Socker was first to play, so he picked up his cards and had a quick look at them. As I expected, he said he'd play. Mine was next and tossed in. Then Jake, who doubled it and made it four quid for cards. Carl didn't look at his cards, just kept his eyes glued on Socker as if to bore through him. "Play," he said.

Steve and I tossed in. Socker accepted to play for four quid.

Socker bought me, but I pressed he'd have four rich as he couldn't win. Jake took two. Having doubled the stake, it looked like he had three of a kind. "Gimme one," said Carl.

"Get four quid," said Socker, tossing the noise into the center.

He was betting the maximum against a double and a two-card buy. It was easy to see he was out to lose quickly. He knew that Jake would raise him, then he could lose in.

Under the thick lids of his half-closed eyes, he watched Carl. Jake raised him eight quid. Still looking at his cards, Socker said, "I'll raise you to fifteen quid."

Jake pushed his cards together and tossed them into the discard. I saw the faintest of smiles curl the corner of Carl's mouth as he slowly and deliberately pushed his cards into the center. "I think Socker's got me tossed. You was a nice head for the first hand."

Well, for a guy that had just won thirty quid, Socker didn't look very happy. He was sweating and breathing hard, his bloodshot mouth twitching like a kid who's just lost his lolly.

He didn't watch me deal. He just stared across the table at Carl as if he were looking down the barrel of a cannon. It didn't take long to register that Carl didn't aim to let him lose. He was going to have to use all his skill to lose and, at the same time, keep Carl up in the money so he couldn't get out either ahead or at the same time.

With two guys playing to lose it didn't take long for them to shed out their cash. Both of them were getting low in dough, with the odds on who would go first being even. So if Socker was going to save his neck, this was the hand. And Socker knew it too. He used his large red handkerchief frantically to wipe the sweat that was pouring from the crater-like pores of his skin.

It was Carl's deal, with Steve next to him being blind. I went over to make it four quid for cards and became the blind. Socker, after me, was getting a bit desperate, as Carl had fourteen quid left in against his fifteen and looked as if he'd get his shot.

Socker went over me to make it

eight quid for cards Jake had nothing to lose and nothing in his hands so he got out first, and Steve tossed in and did his two quid. Old Mike bought three, didn't improve, so tossed in. I came in with a pair of kings, pretty good starters, and bought a third. Socker sat pat.

The tension was really on Socker sat with his half-closed eyes looking at Carl through the tobacco smoke that curled up from the cigarette he was chewing. His cards lay flat on the table as if daring Carl to challenge him. Carl just stared right back, a hell-awful playing round the corners of his chin mouth. Carefully he shuffled the five cards into one another.

He was first bet and he had six quid left. His face didn't show a flicker, but I guessed he was

drawing fast. He reckoned that if he bet six quid against a pat hand, I'd toss in and so would Socker, leaving him to collect the win-ning. Yet if I tossed in, he had to risk me not having a bet. If I had a bet, Socker would look and lose, with every chance of using looks, while Carl would have to stay in the school because he had not lost all his hundred. If I was bluffed by the pat hand and tossed in, then Socker would win the hand. But he figured right that I would have some sort of a bet just to see what Socker would do.

He finally settled for the number bet of two pence, enough to get me in. Well, I was content to look and let Socker worry. And he sure did. A flicker went his life as stake as going to look at it from all angles.

He didn't look at his hand, just sat there like a great ape, twiddling with a stained tooth that had gone out. Looking at Carl's hand and suffering an equal loss when I won was so good to him. He had to go out alone. And I was the means of that. Whatever he bet, Carl had to toss in, but I had to look.

Well, he bet by making me all he had, four quid. Carl figured he just couldn't afford to leave it with me. He dug in his pocket for an extra note, tossed his cash in the centre, and looked.

Now I got to thinking. These was life or death for one of both them guys, and the one word "look" from me was the O.K. I decided to let them work it out, even though it was going to cost me a win of forty quid.

When I tossed in, it was like an electric charge hit the table. They sat right, waiting, and even Mike and Jake realized something more than cash was involved.

Carl spoke gruffly between tightly clenched teeth. "I'm looking at you; my 'un on the table."

Socker was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, his tongue working overtime trying to keep his great mouth wet. Sweat poured out of him and he tried to wipe his hands on his sudden shirt. Socker held his cards face up on the table. He was just high. He had kept a two, three, six and seven and bought the jack.

"All right, mate," he breathed "beat the jack."

Carl didn't jack up his five cards and lay them down. He picked them off one at a time and laid it face up. He hadn't looked at his cards since he bought, and he watched the cards turn up for the one that meant life or death for Socker. It was the playing Russian roulette, betting the chamber con-

taining one bullet, then pulling the trigger with the mouse pressed against your skull.

A five turned up, a three, then a nine. Socker dragged his hairy arm across his sagging mouth. A four. Only one chance left. Carl hesitated with his hand on the card and looked at Socker, reliving the torment like a cat playing with a mouse. He flicked it over—an eight.

Suddenly my head seemed to explode and Carl was sprawling on the floor, blood coming from the torn holes in his head. Socker was back against the wall, waving a Colt automatic with four bullets left.

"Open the door, Jake. And don't try nothing. I got this printer's right in the middle of your skull."

Jake didn't say a word. He didn't need to. It was there in the blinding lights of his open what Socker would get at the first chance. He just opened the door.

Well, the cards were stacked against Socker. The cops were always hanging around the area looking for trouble. They didn't need a Commission to know that the two cracks weren't a war backing, and had come raining. Socker was half-way down the stairs when they burst in the front door.

Well, at least the cops drew a blank. They had been trying to drag Jake in for a long time, but, because of the bolted door, they had always found a nice quiet game of Rookety Kate going on. But with the door wide open, a stiff and folding money all over the table, Jake got at for running a common gaming-house. Mike and Steve sat off light with a grin.

Me? I'm writing this in the Big House, where I'm doing a stretch for that little job I was going quiet about.



"Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do."

1000

"See Naples and die" was a proverbial expression. Most travelers are warned to keep their hands on their wallets, because theft is common there, day, no doubt, to the amount of travelers who holiday there. During the war thieves made off with a stopload of sugar—ship and all. But last year theft on a scale almost as terrific took place when thieves stole a half-ton of train tracks and overhead trolley wires from an abandoned line in a Naples suburb. The thieves had worked for three weeks in broad daylight ripping up the rails and even recruited hired laborers, but no one had inter-

Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" A fifteen-year-old youth in Oklahoma, U.S.A., could tell the bard. He was arrested for taking part in nose burping and he told police that he committed the burp-borne as revenge against society because he was christened Shalee Marx Axtbacher. The boy's father has since changed the boy's name to Shalee.

In New London, Connecticut, Miss Francis Langwey consigned to the

Two bandits walked into a shop in Chicago and relieved the owner of a watch and money from the till. Then they chose the most expensive neckties in the shop and used them to tie up the unfortunate owner.

There is one obvious choice in a girl called Helena. You can say her to your bank. Hello, you can say her on the 100-page pages and on the 100-page pages of a 100-page book you would see her book. You Helena is a really busy girl but you can say her to her in a way.

GIRL AT WORK



Stop! Look! GIRL AT WORK



Helene works hard—you have to if you want to get on in the highly competitive model field—and between a few hours she may find herself wearing anything from an eye-catching swimsuit to the subtle sophistication of a stunning cocktail or evening gown. Her favorite around-the-house garb is a cute thrilling combination play-suit that impresses us. She likes to relax with an outdoor Chinese chess set.



Although relaxation is important, a model must exercise to keep that trim figure. Helene makes physical culture part of her daily routine. Modeling isn't all popularity and easy money. It means hard work and a strict eye on the vital statistics of the figure. Helene knows this, that is why she is at the top of the ladder.



"New superhighway, mate."

A cat may solve a mystery

RONALD GARTH-DAVIS

What happened to \$60,000 worth of jewellery lost in a fatal air crash of 1926? Maybe a London cat has the answer.



A CAT started by a paper cat, according to the news "Globe", started a search that had been abandoned. Grime may yet tell us what happened to \$60,000 worth of jewels lost in an airplane crash back in 1926.

The crash drew considerable publicity, partly because of the importance of its occupants, partly because of the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the plane in mid-air and partly because of the question, "What happened to the jewellery which the women passengers were wearing?"

On July 31, 1926, an all metal Junker dual-control monoplaner owned and piloted by Lieutenant Colonel G. L. P. Henderson, set out from Le Touquet, France, to fly to Creighton, London. He had an assistant pilot, Charles D'Urban Sherring and four passengers, Viscountess Edmon, Sir Edward Ward, Mrs. Henri Loeffler and Frederick Temple Thomas Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. All were well-known people, the Marquess being Speaker of the Senate in the Netherlands. Ireland Parliament.

of the Bear War and World War I, D.S.O. and Mentioned in Despatches twice.

A gale was blowing, but the plane was making good headway. Then suddenly, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, over Niagara, Kent, there was an explosion and the plane disintegrated into pieces. All occupants were killed.

Several people heard the explosion and rushed out of their houses to ascertain the origin of it. They were aghast at what they saw, pieces of the plane were floating to earth, along with human bodies.

"I heard a crash," said one on-looker. "I ran outside and saw a body falling through the air. Three bodies landed in one meadow and two others in different meadows."

The engine perked and a piece of it fell into a driveway of a house, narrowly missing a gardener. It buried itself a foot deep into the drive. The main part of the plane, spinning helplessly, crashed to the ground, crumpling a barnyard by itself. Further out in a field the tail floated to earth.

One wing, about six feet paper, drifted a mile away. A sink case damaged a roof of a house and personal belongings were scattered for over a mile in all directions. The tail of the plane landed three hundred yards from the fuselage. There were no flames.

The assistant pilot was the only one who did not part company with the plane on the way down. He was found, dropped in the cockpit alive. But he died ten minutes later.

There was a large funeral. The Marquess of Dufferin, being the Commanding Officer of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and Vice Admiral of Ulster, was honored with full Naval honours. A memorial

service was held on the quarter deck of a training ship of the Ulster Division and the R.N.V.R. The bell of the Albert Memorial School, which had not been tolled since 1864, when the then Lord Alipier died, was rung as the cortège moved to the ship.

A Naval band and a naval guard of honour preceded the gun carriage on which rested the coffin containing the Marquess. And on the coffin was a Union Jack. Seventy-nine arms were fired.

With such important personages involved in the tragedy, investigation was extra thorough. At the impact field some 250 yards from the crash, fallen fragments were marked out and statements were made by all witnesses to the plane crash. It was ascertained that the plane was a new one and had been thoroughly checked before leaving the factory and given a certificate of airworthiness. The pilot was very experienced and held the necessary pilot's license.

Why, then, had the crash occurred? Was there a bomb or some explosive element in the plane, and if so, what was it doing there? Had it been placed there with the object of blowing the plane to smithereens? These questions were investigated to the fullest extent. Fool play was not the finding.

With that question remaining a mystery, police turned to another mystery. What had happened to the \$16,000 worth of jewellery the ladies were wearing in the plane?

Some of it could have been blown over a wide area. A diamond and pearl necklace had been placed in the lining of a hat for safety. It was never found. Maybe it had lodged in the fork of a tree. Maybe it is still there.

A few pearls were found, so why shouldn't the other gems be nearby? Certainly, the plane was scattered over an area of a mile, but, why couldn't the jewellery be found after a thorough search?

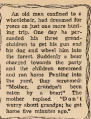
The insurance companies paid up as soon as investigations closed, and the mysteries were filed among the unknown and unsolved mysteries.

Then, in 1924, 24 years later, a cat caused the whole disaster to be brought into the public eye again. Mrs. Winifred Mansell, of Kanton, Kent, 16 miles away from the tragedy, owned the cat, Ginnie, and one day the feline leaped into her home, obviously favouring the paw.

Perpetrated, Mrs. Mansell called the cat to her and she examined the sore paw. Embedded in the pad were two pieces of glass. Carefully, Mrs. Mansell bathed the paw and extracted the glass with a needle. She placed the glass on a table and applied a microscope to the cat's paw. Then, releasing the animal, she gathered up the two pieces of glass and prepared to put them in the postage box.

Taking the glass into the sun, she noticed a glint which in not a characteristic of glass. Intrigued, she took the pieces to a jeweller, who examined them carefully and pronounced them to be diamonds.

Mrs. Mansell took the diamonds to the police and they made investigations. Could the cat have stumbled on some of the missing jewellery from the 1920 air crash? Maybe he had stumbled on part of a box of a robbery? Perhaps he had trodden on some lost jewellery. All avenues were explored. And the police did not forget that it could have been any one of these possibilities.



An old man confined to a wheelchair, had dreamed for years on just one more hunting trip. One day he persuaded his three grand-children to get his gun and his dog and wheel him into the forest. Suddenly a bear charged towards the party and the children screamed and ran home flailing into the yard. They screamed: "Mother, daddy's been eaten by a bear!" The mother replied: "Don't worry about grumps; he got home five minutes ago."

Lost or stolen jewellery is quite often not found. Conversely, treasures have been found and as claims have been made by owners. The police recalled that workmen had removed a safe from an Essex roadside and had uncovered an engraved silver snuffbox, a jewel case and a pile of valuable antique silver.

They were kept busy tracing the origin of that find. Finally they had met with success. In 1920 a robbery had taken place and the stolen items had never been recovered. Evidently the thief had hidden them under the safehouse and had either forgotten which safehouse it was or had been unable to retrieve the items for some other reason.

Police recalled demolition workers clearing away ruins from the site of World War II. They remembered that workmen with a pneumatic drill had bored through the concrete roof of an old strong-room fifteen feet below street level and had found sets of silver banqueting plates, boxes of heavy silverware and enough copper to

all twenty large setting stones.

Some of the articles were wrapped in newspapers dated 1881, so this should have been easy to trace. The Ministry of Agriculture had occupied the building previous to the hit, but they disclaimed any knowledge of the hoard, so they passed the buck to the Prison Commissioners. They, too, knew nothing of the forgotten silver, so the hoard was treated as treasure trove and the workman and his master were paid ten percent.

An East London man was digging in his backyard when he uncovered a treasure skull and a tin box filled with Victorian jewellery. Suspecting foul play, he called the police, but the skull turned out to be a medical specimen and most of

the jewellery in the box was paste.

Maybe the net uncovered these two diamonds in similar manner, while excavating. Maybe they could have had a different origin from what the police think. The diamonds had been so small to identify with the pine creek, but authorities seem to think that they could be part of the missing jewellery from the fatal 1893 crash.

Whatever the source, Gurnea is the most important cut in Great Britain. She cannot walk anywhere outside the house without being trailed. Whenever Gurnea goes for a stroll, at least one member of the Mansell family follows her. Where there are two diamonds, they argue, there may be a handful.

He lived and wrote *Adventure*



JAMES HOLLIDGE

Zane Grey was an irresponsible adventurer. He saw the life about which he wrote. And he became equally famous as a writer and sportsman.

HE was a dentist who wanted to be an author. A publisher turned down five books in a row and told him he could discuss his work that he could write either fact or fiction. Even his parish-warden's name of Pearl Grey was a drawback.

Not until he was 38—and had changed his name to the more virile Zane Grey—did he find a publisher who would accept one of his novels. Then almost immediately the records began.

His first 12 novels sold 17,000,000 copies. Foreign editions appeared in 20 different languages. He produced a total of 71 books. Today, 15 years after his death, he is still a best-seller, with sales now topping the 30,000,000 mark.

Zane Grey may not have invented the horse opera—but he did more than any other man to perpetuate

it. He went to the West and crossed the Painted Desert and Death Valley. He rode and lived with Indians, cowboys, and Texas Rangers. He hunted eagles, rounded up wild horses, and saw snakes and heard sounds that he was able to reproduce so authentically in his books that people could almost smell the outdoors in them.

Zane Grey fulfilled his two ambitions—to be a writer and a sportsman. He became almost as well known with the gun and the rod as with the pen. As a big-game fisherman he was renowned from Nova Scotia to the Caribbean, to the New Zealand fiordland and New South Wales's Barramundi.

Born in 1872, he was actually christened, in what must have been a moment of mental aberration by his mother, Pearl Grey. The place was the small Ohio town of Zanes-



"This is her first novel! How can you both just sit there?"

vila, on the Muskegon River. The town was named after an ancestor on his mother's side, Colonel Ebenezer Kane. He was descended from an exiled Dane of the same name who arrived in America with William Penn in 1682.

Colonel Kane did more than anyone else to open up Ohio. In consequence, he received extensive land grants from a grateful Congress and provided several Kane Gray with a touch of Indian blood by marrying a beautiful Indian square.

His name probably was the reason young Pearl Gray in his boyhood became the terror of the district as he strove to prove he was not the slay the name implied. He was remembered as the boy who violently destroyed a whole bed of imported tulips in front of the town's Historical and Art Institute. He was also notorious for the dime novels and penny dreadfuls he collected and liked out to his classmates.

If Pearl Gray gave any indication of later greatness in his boyhood, it was only as a basketball. He had a special talent for pitching, and developed a wicked curved ball that could have earned him the same professional honors as it did his brother, Reddy. But his basketball prowess did no more than assist his passage through the University of Pennsylvania. His father had decreed that one basketball in the family was enough. Pearl had to follow his father's twirls and become a dentist.

Graduating in 1886, after plodding through his examinations, the outdoor-minded dentist set up practice in New York. Already he had ambitions to write, and he poured forth articles and stories on fishing and hunting subjects. All three were manfully returned

to him from unimpressed editors.

He persevered. His mother discovered among family papers a diary of her grandfather, Colonel Ebenezer Kane. It was packed with rosy-tinted adventures as he founded Fort Henry on the Ohio frontier. It told of the colonel's son, Reddy, a legendary figure of the pioneer days who instilled his life to bring civilization to the fort when it was besieged by Indians and the British in 1783.

Pearl Gray read the diary and saw it was the stuff of which best-sellers are made. He sat down and wrote a historical novel on his ancestor's career, propping it with the redskins and redcoats, traitors, rascals, and pioneer heroes and heroines that lived in the pages of the diary. He titled it "Reddy Kane" and took it to publishers—dozens of them. All turned the novel down flat. Undaunted, he talked one of his wealthier patients into advancing money so he could publish it himself.

It was not a success, but that did not worry Gray. He was determined to be a writer. Turning his back on the career that would have provided him with an assured living, he closed his office and settled for a poverty-stricken existence as a writer in a cabin in the woods back in Ohio.

He sold a few articles to outdoor magazines, but would have starved only for help from his father and his brother, Reddy, who was making a lot of money as a professional basketball. Several times Pearl, who was a better player than Reddy, was tempted to throw down his pen for a post in a basketball team. But the urge to write was too strong and he persevered.

In 1893 he married a girl named Lira Kane, who called herself

Pearl and whom he called Reddy. They had met while he was practicing in New York, and Lira—Pearl—Reddy Gray cheerfully contributed her savings so that he could continue with his writing. They settled in a cottage at Lehigh-on, Pennsylvania, overlooking the Delaware River.

There, the following year, Reddy gave birth to a son, Homer, and Pearl was safely delivered of her second novel on his Kane forebears. He titled it "The Spirit of the Border," and again publishers were sympathetic to the point of indifference. "It is difficult to imagine any work having less merit in either style or substance," one of them wrote to him.

Reddy had some money left, and again Gray published his own work. Again it excited hardly a ripple of interest.

Kane Gray always said that one of his main props in the years of heart-breaking rejections was the faith of his wife Reddy would not let him quit. She encouraged. She dug out some of his old rejected manuscripts and sent them off to other contributors to earn a few dollars. She prodded him to work on a new book.

But Gray himself knew something must be wrong. Actually there was a lot wrong, and critics agreed it stayed wrong up to his last book. He had little natural talent for writing. His work lacked balance, his characterization was oversimplified, and where style was concerned he was a better basketball player. All that the later Kane Gray, who sold millions of copies, had was a fertile imagination and, even more important, the capacity for accurate and convincing description of the real West.

It was that which made his work exciting and interesting for swarms

of readers, from clerks to cab-drivers and factory workers. And that authentic knowledge of the West, Kane Gray reached in 1900, he did not have. Consequently, he set out to acquire it.

He met a famous old plainsman, Colonel "Buffalo" Jones, and persuaded him to take him back west with him and show him the cowboy's life at first-hand. In return, he agreed to write Jones's life, as publicly for a release the Westerner had to raise "buffalo"—tough, rugged animals evolved from breeding cattle with buffalo.

From Flagstaff, Arizona, he set out with Jones on a 18-day crossing of the Painted Desert and the upper part of the Grand Canyon to Jones's ranch at House Rock Valley. There they plunged into life that was a constant round of thrills and adventure for tender-foot Gray. He met hardy Western pioneers and listened to their talk of mountain lions and eagles, wild-cat round-ups, and buffalo hunts.

Kane Gray in one of his favorite roles as a big-game hunter.



It was still only 1908 and the average city-dweller still considered most of the accounts they heard of Western life as tall stories. Gray discovered how true they were for himself.

On a day when horses he accompanied Buffalo Jones on a lion-hunt and saw the old man fill his boots that he could catch these alive with a lasso. He learned by experience as they hunted the last wild herd of buffalo that a white horse to these animals is like a red rag to a bull.

A dozen of the angry "buff" charged at the petrified Pearl Gray. His million words of Wild West masterpieces would never have been written had not Jones, riding like a demon for all his 73 years, headed them away from where the petrified viceroy sat

astride his white horse directly in their path.

The pair hunted down and captured the elusive leader, "White King", of a herd of wild mustangs. Gray helped while Jones trailed a solitary old-man, grizzly bear and captured him alive with ropes for sale to a zoo. Together they went over the rim of the Grand Canyon and discovered the ruins of a forgotten Indian civilization—temples and sculptures and images concealed in an intricate system of caves.

They dodged hostile Comanches who still roamed the area. They survived desert storms and camped out on snow-clad mountain-tops as they trailed the cunning pelt-walker.

Eventually Gray had to return to Lockwood and the task of

turning his experiences into saleable literary property. In two months he had finished his first book on Buffalo Jones. Titled "The Last of the Plainsmen", it had the same faults as his previous books, but it had the authenticity of actual experience.

For the first time on the title-page he wrote, "By Zane Grey." When he packed his bag and set off for New York and the publishers. Again the experts of the publishing companies turned their thumbs down.

Ten years of battling to make his way as a writer had developed in Grey a backbone of bark. He knew his writing had something that it did not have a year before. He was going on with it until he made the publishers and the reading public see it as he did. Zane Grey went home and wrote another book—a Western romance with all the colorful atmosphere of purple hills, vast deserts and lonely ships for which he was soon to become famous.

The result was "The Hearings of the Desert", which was accepted for publication in 1914. Zane Grey was 38 and on the threshold of one of the great seasons of his popular writing.

The public liked the new Western novelist. His biography of Buffalo Jones was now published and sold well.

In 1912 Zane Grey brought out what is probably the most popular opera of all time, the evergreen "Riders of the Purple Sage", which has sold millions of copies.

He continued to write fiction at the rate of 100,000 words a month—but thereafter he only worked a couple of months a year. With his royalties making him rich, he was able to devote the greater portion of his energies to sport and

adventure-seeking across the world.

Thereafter the story of Zane Grey is primarily the story not of his work but his play. Infected by a wanderlust he tramped off to such legendary places as Utah's Snake Canyon and Death Valley and the wild, unexplored Santa Rosa River in Mexico. There was danger in all of it.

In the Mexican jungle in 1923, he faced himself with one single bullet between him and death from a monster jaguar maddened to a frenzy by wounds. Zane Grey disturbed the animal tearing at the corner of a deer he had shot. He was 100 feet away and stopped stock still. The jaguar snarled his protest. He growled anxiously. Grey firing up his rifle and fired. The steel yellow body leapt high into the air with a deafening roar. He had been hit.

With the morning sun of long experience, Zane Grey scored another shot. It also finished him as the animal fell to the ground and writhed about in torment.

But the jaguar was far from finished, and Grey knew enough of them not to take chances. He put two more bullets into its body and finished with a fresh clip of cartridges.

The animal seemed to realize this was his chance. He got up and bounded forward. He was less than 20 feet away from the hunter when Grey thrust a shell in the chamber and fired.

Like all the other bullets, it found its target—but it seemed to have no effect except to enrage it further. It was roaring bloodily and coughing blood—but still it came on. As the jaguar leaped itself into a pouncing leap, Zane Grey was close to panic. He fought it off and with



"... Sleep ... slight ... since ... **SEVEN HAVE LEFT SINCE MIDNIGHT, that's encouraging!**"



sheep wall power made every movement as deliberate as if he were shooting on a target range.

Three times with the precision of a metronome he squeezed the trigger. The slugs sent the paper lagoon, higher, cleaving the air as they slammed into his belly like the relentless, power-laden thuds of a steam hammer. Flash, it seemed, could stand no more. The animal flopped down on the green carpet of the jungle.

Almost immediately it was up again. It leaped. Blood was showering over Kane Grey as it seemed to hover in mid-air right on top of him. He fired with the last bullet in his rifle and for the last time the animal fell down. It died—but it had taken nine bullets to finish it.

Over the next few years Grey fished in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Caribbean, off the Canadian Pacific Coast and the shores of Nova Scotia. In California he spent many summers in quest of barracuda, white sea-bass, tuna and broadbill swordfish. In the winter he moved to Florida and went after the bigger tarpon, sharks and marlin.

Then he trekked to the notorious Death Valley. Sunk as places far below sea level and experiencing temperatures of up to 135 degrees, this hell-hole in Utah is one of the most dreaded danger spots in North America. Its reputation dates back to last century when it spoiled down for 88 out of a party of 11 Mormons who ventured into it in search of a short cut from Salt Lake City to the gold-fields of California.

People told Grey of adventures who had set off into the Valley at dawn and returned the same night. They described how they staggered blindly, and bubbled incoherently,

their tongues swollen and black and protruding between lips that were cracked and bleeding.

Kane Grey could not be charmed and set off with a single guide to walk across the Valley. He had chosen the right time of the year and they came through safely. The only trouble they experienced came from so-called "mud-baths", into which a man can disappear from view in a second, seemingly into the soft bowels of the earth as though on a plunging elevator to hell. Covered with a thin crust of dried salt, the holes are virtual booby-traps.

Kane Grey in the 1890's and 1900's, however, coupled the facts of his western novels with that of his bag-games fishing. He bought his own ocean-going yacht and voyaged across the Pacific to Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia—always in search of the "big ones" of the fish world and creating new world's records for his catches.

His home, which he called his "permanent camp" was a rambling ranch at Altadena in California. There he would return periodically to enjoy his wife and write another novel or two for the where-withal for another voyage.

He returned from Australia in 1900 and then the following year set out again—to go around the world.

World War II peaked him back in 1904 and he settled down on avocet work. On October 22, 1904, he suffered a sudden heart attack that killed him almost instantly.

He left a lot of fiction romances of which any man to whom his readers' pleasure is the principal consideration would be proud. And he left the best romance of all in the story of his own adventures and fulfilled life.

pointers to better health

ULCERS

The American Medical Association reports that dogs are of no use to researchers in ulcer treatment. They were tried but discarded. Reason? They just won't worry. And worry is the thing that makes ulcers and keeps them active. Ulcers can be inflicted on dogs by artificial means but they will cure themselves by sitting down placidly and refusing to be bothered about anything. Maybe there is a lesson here.

HIGH PRESSURE HYPO

Dr. Harold Cohen and his associates at the University of California have invented a new high-speed hypodermic device which propels a tiny column through the air at 175 times the speed of sound and is capable of penetrating four inches of tissue. While present medical techniques do not call for a penetration of more than one inch of tissue, the new device may be useful for direct injection into internal organs and tumors. Dr. Cohen said that liquid in a steel chamber is propelled through a .003-inch nozzle by the explosive action of a small water air compressor. The liquid stream penetrated a telephone book to the depth of one inch. This is equivalent to a four-inch penetration of tissue.

BREAD

In 1941 the policy of fortifying bread with thiamine, riboflavin, niacin and iron was adopted in the U.S.A. More than 85 per cent of all white bread sold in the U.S. today is enriched. Evidence shows that B-vitamin deficiencies are disappearing in U.S.A.

BLOOD VESSELS

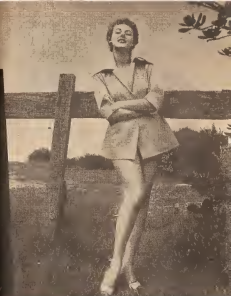
Patients who need a blood vessel transplant have to get the graft from a recently deceased person. Such grafts are not fully successful, because the body tends to reject foreign tissue. Experiments on animals in growing their own surplus blood vessels have proved successful and the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, which is conducting the experiments, thinks that the method will be successful in humans. A substitute artery could be developed from a segment of a vein. The vein is cut in size and filled over a plastic rod. It is then wrapped in muscle tissue and buried in the thigh muscle where it is nourished for two or three weeks until a firm tube is formed. When the vessel is needed for grafting operation, the thigh is reopened, the glass rod removed and the fresh artery vein hooked into the artery to replace the defective segment.

Girl with a problem



Working in the country or the customer on the job is making it hard for English and education, as this lovely Australian girl will tell you. But a problem, my friend, will the girl over the fence or under it?

*When can I be that close? It's a bit high to climb over. Oh, never?
Well, I might hear my coat on a clothesline. What would you do?*



*We trouble after all. I made it. How? Did I climb
over or hand under the rail? Perhaps I realized it if
you'd been watching, you would know how I managed it.*

We are living longer these days and we can add years to our life's span if we live the right life now.



How to live long

SPENCER LEEMING

THE human body begins to grow old sooner than the mind. Physical capacity starts to diminish at 25; mental capacity does not reach its climax until 35.

That, scientifically true though it is, doesn't mean much in the face of the fact that, due mainly to the advances of medical science, people are living much longer. Expectation of life is now something like 70 for women and 65 for men. Fifty to a hundred years ago people were considered old at forty, and lots of them couldn't hope to live much longer than that.

This silent revolution has passed one of the greatest problems of

the 20th century, one which will become more acute as time goes on. It has been aptly suggested by some gerontologists (gerontology being the study of aging) that by the year 2040 A.D. some men and women may be enjoying an earthly life of 100 years.

Youth is naturally indifferent to the problems of old age. There is too much fun for them in the present to spare even a moment's thought for the day when, having accidents, he or she will be old, too.

Some say for me a short life and a merry one. They don't mean anything of the kind. What they do

mean is they want to have a better, good time when young, and an even better one when they're not so young. For more often than not things don't work out that way.

If you want the second (and far more important and effective) part of your life to be lived in the full enjoyment of health and vigor, you must prepare for it in the first half of life, say up to 35.

Disipation of physical strength in riotous living or an overidic and nighty programme won't all the reserves of strength that will be required later on.

At present roughly one-tenth of Australia's population is of pensionable age (over 65, women over 60). The position in America and Great Britain is similar. Experts believe that by the year 1961 this proportion will have been reduced to one in six in Great Britain. Australia is keeping pace with the rest of the civilized world in regard to longevity. Plainly the gap will narrow to one in six here, too.

Aging is largely a matter of heart, arteries, muscular tone, and general fitness of mind and body. Under constant stress, as the years tick over, the heart is inclined to weaken, the arteries harden, and the general conditions of body and mind are apt to deteriorate, especially after the half-century has been reached.

A great deal can be done to hold up this advance in aging by encouraging strict moderation in all things, and by keeping mentally and physically fit and alert.

Medical science is on the high-road to the complete conquest of tuberculosis, and is well advanced in its attack on cancer. It hasn't yet mastered influenza or the sweaves of the common cold; but that will come. Cold and flu lower vitality tremendously, and act as a

severe brake on a nation's health.

Some of the major killers of old age, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox, dysentery, typhoid, and malaria have been brought well under control. The medical laboratories have done a pretty good job.

Gerontology is being studied all over the civilized world. At Oxford, England there is a club for Research in Aging which has been underwriting to probe the secrets of old age for the past 12 years. One of their objectives has been to try to prolong life, health, and vigor by hormone treatment.

America has many similar medical-scientific enterprises. During the past three years there has been radical research into the living conditions and needs of old people in Victoria, Australia. This project has been backed by a number of groups concerned with social welfare. Thus, Australia, too, realizes that aging will become one of the major social as well as scientific problems of tomorrow.

Hamden Sarge Voronoff's attempts at rejuvenation by means of monkey glands proved to be a nine-days' wonder. Old men got quite excited at the time, and some increased vitality in old age seemed to ensue. But it didn't prolong life in good health, as well as sexual vigor.

Longevity seems to run in families, and in districts. If a fellow's father lived to over 90, you may safely bet that, barring accidents, he can well do the same. In some parts of the world the climate, or soil, or food, seems to generate crops of Methuselahs.

Addison, in the Roman Empire, for instance, which has about 200,000 inhabitants, seems with very old people, and scientists have been studying them. There is a case on

record of a Russian peasant who became a tailor at the age of 114!

Living longer is a hollow mockery unless the advanced years can be enjoyed—and what is more important—enjoyed without detriment to one's fellow-men.

Dr. Martin Gumpert, a German-born expert on aging, had this advice to offer in his book published a few years ago, entitled, "You Are Younger Than You Think": "Keep up your physical and mental activity. Try always to acquire new skills, and new interests. Conserve your energy at all times, whenever possible. This holds will pay handsome dividends, especially when the second half of the century is reached."

The intervals between rest and exercise should be shortened. This may sound paradoxical, but the point is that long intervals tend to make the body become straggled, as one grows old.

Rest and relaxation are like tools that can always be kept at hand to do a repair job. Involuntary naps during the day (always a sign of overwork) should be shifted on to a voluntary basis whenever that is practicable and possible.

Diet is an important ingredient in the recipe for healthy old age. Don't take too large helpings. Give up hurried meals, and particularly avoid eating a heavy dinner at night. Prepare food so that chewing is easy. Chop meat, and much or steam vegetables.

Dr. Gumpert strongly condemned the idea that alcohol, tobacco, and coffee should be made the hallmark of old age. Taken in moderation, he said, they can be a source of pleasure and relief.

Clearly, if old people are going to increase rapidly in numbers, something has got to be done about our industrial and social set-up.

Everything points to the retiring age—at present, an normal circumstances, 40 or 45—having to be retarded.

As long as men, through the blessings of medical and social science can work, let them work. The age of the slumped pantaloon who sits in a corner and does nothing is rapidly passing. If continuance of work isn't insisted upon, the younger generation will have a correspondingly heavier burden to carry in the way of taxation and the care and maintenance of many drooping who, otherwise would still be busy bees.

A privately owned firm of Hathers, Owen and Company, of Dorken, in Staffordshire, England, has a special workshop for the "over-worked". It is away from the main factories, in pleasant surroundings, and is called "The Sons of Rest". These the firm's aging employees work quietly at tracing, drilling, making electrode holders, finishing machine parts, and repairing protective clothing. This firm makes screwless parts, car chassis, farm machinery, and auto and boats. All these veteran birds are highly skilled craftsmen, but they are allowed to work at their own pace. Wages are the normal wages for the job. "The Sons of Rest" workshop is self-supporting. There is no charity about it. As well as keeping the old men happily occupied. Once it is, of course, no competition, this grand enterprise has been the means of extending the company's business.

Such an excellent venture as this is only possible in certain districts, where the older men can get easy access to and from their work.

There is similar innovation in the U.S.A. The Mohawk Development Service will not employ any worker or draughtsman under 45

years of age. Every employee is highly skilled and keen, and there is practically no absenteeism . . . The Mohawk Service is going well.

The corpse of the venerable Dr. Joseph Glänsfeld, English philosopher, doctor, and baronet, for a happy old age was to ask oneself every night: "What have I done today to make life easier, sweeter, or happier for someone?"

Dr. Glänsfeld said that he possessed more on a hundred years of happiness by learning to live in abundance in the love of life. One was a fruitarian. "For those who want to feel that life is full of happiness ahead," he wrote, "I have always a lesson to bid them rise and face the day and joy in companionship that this day has ahead, with all its wonderful possibilities."

Of course, there will always be some helpless, decrepit old people. For those who, unhappily, fall by the wayside every humanitarian consideration should be shown. Sometimes of the spirit in which the trust of Laguerre is administered should be shown towards those who

have grown old and whom other a lifetime of social service. Notable homes for the aged are essential.

As the expectation of life increases, so will the pattern of society and industry have to change with it. If it doesn't, a lot of people are going to get hurt, and it won't only be the old "buds".

There is one big danger in living to be a healthy Methuselah. If the lengthening of the span of life should be accompanied by the preservation of persistent and active vitality, there will be some young gods of the gold-digger variety who won't resist the temptation to become rich old men's dealings, with the promise of early widowhood and an ample inheritance.

Nature never intended that the young and the old should mate. It may work out all right in a few cases, but, generally speaking, such unions should be avoided as unnatural. And what isn't natural is never right, Sir James Barrie told us.



"The latest thing, sir. Padded shoulders, like you're wearing, are no longer in style. Just slip off your jacket and we'll try one on for size . . ."



"Listen, Helen. They're playing our song."

Your chance of being SHARK BAIT

J. G. HERT



Fernan countries regard Australia as a land where the people take their lives in their hands every time they go swimming. But what are the chances of being attacked by sharks?

WITH the spring season drawing to a close, it is hardly in vogue to discuss the possibility of being taken by a shark. Everyone subconsciously has a fear of sharks; but the fact is that attacks by these monsters have averaged less than three per annum during the last 25 years. Two-thirds of the victims have died. When you consider how many millions swim on the beaches each season, shark attacks represent a very small percentage.

There is no greater exaggeration in that hoodwinking field of hyperbole known as publicity, than that which presents Australia's so called shark menace to people at home and abroad. Australia, over the years, has developed an amazing

reputation as a large lump of land surrounded by white-capped, undulating swells, thick with threatening sharks, voracious and eager to pounce upon any venturesome swimmer who is foolish enough to swim within striking distance of the monsters.

This false impression is particularly prevalent in the U.S.A. The average American citizen regards our sun-baked, surfing men as a race of foolhardy heroes who risk their lives throughout the summer in their search for bigger and better rollers. Our girl fish men undoubtedly are completely and willingly heroic but they are not foolhardy. They have a profound respect for the tempest-tossed

depths of the deep water but they are well aware that, despite the fact that the selected sea-bath on rare occasions strikes severely, fortunately, more often it remains in safety when surfers invade its territory.

The American misapprehension has resulted from the publicity—more's the pity—of the occasional. In 1947 two American magazines published a beautifully coloured advertisement depicting an Australian surfboard crew in their craft, performing typical activities amidst the big-breaking waves of a north-shore Sydney beach. Streamlined across the full width of the shiny page, was the heading "Black-fishing Aussie crew have saved 24,000 lives!" The 24,000 number was a fairly faded figure, but the pre-supposed herds of man-eating sharks were a horrifying suggestion of the American copy-writer's mind. The figure quoted really was the total number of surf rescues on record, performed by Australian lifelines between the time of the establishment of their association in 1907 and the date of publication of the ad.

Dr. V. M. Coughlin conducted research into the incidents of shark attacks in Australian waters during a 20-year period. Among his findings he quoted:

"Attacks are most common between the months of November and April, particularly in the warmer weather. South of Mackay, Queensland, (latitude 10 degrees south) in 62 recorded instances only one attack has fallen outside the period from October 20 to April 20. This, curiously enough, was the most southerly of all. It took place at Flinders Island, Bass Strait, on August 14, 1949. In Sydney and Newcastle areas, all except one of the 44 attacks have occurred be-

tween December 14 and April 14. North of Mackay, attacks have been reported in all months of the year."

The doctor added that the majority of attacks occurred in the afternoon, usually between 3 and 5 o'clock and that many of them took place in shallow water, close to the shore. He pointed out that victims have been taken from the midst of crowds as well as from the isolation of deep water. However, reports show that usually the attack of the shark is drawn by the solitary surfer or one on the edge of a group or crowd. Often it is the one swimmer who failed to catch the "short", which has companion nods to the beach who attracts the unwelcome attention. The attacks have taken place in all kinds of weather. They have happened on dull days and sunny days. At low tide, high tide and medium tide and in murky water and water almost as clear as crystal.

New South Wales and Queensland seem to have been the most unhappy States in the shark versus surfer campaign. Plenty of sharks have been seen from Tasmanian fishermen but there have been no attacks down there. They are also very rare in Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia. During the period reviewed by Dr. Coughlin (1929-1950) there was one attack in South Australia and only one in Victoria. Western Australia had produced two.

There are some 30 species of sharks in Australian waters, but, according to Mr. Gilbert Whiteley, Hydrobiologist, of the Australian Museum, Sydney, only four or five species can be regarded as man-eaters. He is joined by a huge group of fellow scientists who unanimously agree that even these do not hurt human beings in the same manner as, for instance, lions and

tigers will do, once wounded.

Mr. T. C. Rowanley, Superintendent of New South Wales Fisheries, has made a close study of these big fish. He said "The shark is essentially a scavenger. Its mouth is situated beneath the head and its normal mode of living is to swim leisurely over the bottom, picking up food here and there, with little discrimination in its choice.

"Occasionally sharks come to the surface; they are usually attracted there by schools of fish. This should be borne in mind when considering their apparent prevalence from season to season. Every summer I receive telephone enquiries from the general public and from the press, asking whether sharks are more prevalent than usual. They have heard that abnormally large numbers have been observed either in Sydney Harbour or off the ocean beaches. From such evidence it is impossible to estimate their relative abundance; it is probable that schools of mullet or salmon have been numerous and more sharks than usual have been attracted to the surface, but for every shark observed there were probably dozens moving over the bottom, where they could not be seen. This was clearly demonstrated at Port Stephens, for nets were several times laid experimentally at the surface and, on no occasion, did they catch sharks in numbers comparable with those landed when the nets were laid on the bottom."

It would seem that, when a shark passes a school of fish and happens into a swimmer, the invader makes an automatic grab and then turns away. Fortunately there are few cases of the monstrous onslaught referred to the attack, but there are some grim instances such as that which occurred at Coochin Beach in 1929.

FREEDOM UP IN SHARK

He was a bachelor guy—
A real mean-about-town;
No girl could hold him any way—
Love never got him down.
For his attention the girls did yearn,
So they schemed—a plot to hatch,
For he was rich—had money to burn—
And a blonde woman—to he met his match.

—RAY-ME

Surf Association competitors were there to decide championship events. It was a dull day which had brought a canopy of leaden coloured clouds and light, but steady rain. Some of the members of the George Club were out picking up the good waves which were rolling in, lured by the not-unlikely breeze. Eighteen-years-old Milton Coughlin was in the vanguard in the deep water. Suddenly he screamed at the top of his voice. "Shark! Shark! Get your throat!"

Young Coughlin was fighting for his life. His companion, who had been with him in the water had struck out for the shore at his warning. On the beach, several club men and visitors could see that he was in real trouble. Jack Chalmers of North Bondi Club, who was Australian Bath Champion at the time, was the first to move. He jumped from the end of the surf club building and fell heavily on to the rocks below. He scrambled to his feet and sprinted to the water's edge where the surf and line had been placed. There was no bait but he quickly fastened the end of the

line around his waist in a moment he had rushed into the surf and was streaking his way out to young Conklin, who was now struggling desperately to fight off the continued attacks of the shark.

Chalmers later told his own story: "As I came up with him I saw Conklin throw the shark close back from his shoulder, and a fin stabbed his throat so that more blood flowed. A wave broke over me, red through I can hardly believe so much blood could have come from a single blow. But seeing the fight he put up, that did something to a man I knew then that whatever happened, I'd have to get him. If he sank before I reached him, I knew I'd dive and find him. But he didn't sink. He stood erect in the water so I thought he was on a rock ledge, but he wasn't, he was treading water. His legs were tattered; the shark never touched him below about level."

As Chalmers reached his patient, he heard a shout from another swimmer, close in his wake. It was Frank Beauregard (who was destined to become Sir Frank and Lord Mayor of Melbourne). When Chalmers reached young Conklin, he was still conscious and the shark had, by some wonderful miracle, ceased its attack. The two swimmers got the youngster ashore. Both his hands had gone. Despite the application of tourniquets and urgent first aid, Conklin died from shock and hemorrhage. Chalmers received the Albert Medal for his outstanding bravery, and also the first Meritorious Award in Silver which has been recently introduced by the Surf Life Saving Association. Frank Beauregard also was awarded with the Meritorious Award.

Most deaths from shark attacks result from a combination of shock and the severity of wounds. The

water washes away the blood as it is effused, thereby removing all chance of coagulation. There is at least one case on record where a helman displayed life-saving initiative when he leaped his line around the thigh of a patient whose lower leg had been badly mangled and torn by an attacking shark. It provided a tourniquet which stopped the arterial bleeding.

There is a predominant belief that sharks do not attack black people. In the warm waters of Torres Strait many pearl divers have lost their lives and proved that this is a misconception. A native diver who sees a shark uncomfortably close, invariably remains absolutely still as he knows that a shark is more likely to attack a mobile object than one which is stationary. There was an appalling attack on a native diver in 1914 on the vicinity of Thursday Island. The diver in this instance of the depths found that, almost without warning, his head was completely enclosed in the mouth of a shark. It happened in 1937. Here is his account:

"The shark put his teeth round my neck. Then he bit me. I put my hands round his neck and squeezed his eyes until he left go me, and I broke for the boat. The captain pulled me into the boat and I died. They put some medicine from a school teacher."

The native recovered. He carried scars of shark teeth around his neck.

Shark attacks on the Australian coastline, are rare. However, the romance of the shark continues to play an important part in lubricating the basins of our voluntary surf patrol men. Many moderns and peer swimmers do not take risks which otherwise they might, for fear of criticism by this sharp-toothed attacker.

Every boxer has courage, or he wouldn't fight. But the boy who keeps on getting up in the boxer the time like, for —

RAY MITCHELL



Fight crowds Admire courage

GAMELY the boxer dragged himself upright and turned to meet the onslaught of his superior opponent. The fight had been a tough one with little in it when you compared the ability of each. But one had hit a little harder than the other; or maybe the other was not as tough as his opponent. Could have been either. But the kid was all heart. He had been knocked down a couple of times with punches which should have sent him to sleep, but he gamely kept on getting up. It was that spirit which forces men to

fight for life while ever they are conscious.

Which fight was this? Well, it could have been the Freddie Dawson-Barry Brown fight; it could have been the Frank Flannery-Pat Ford fight, or a few other fights when Flannery was entered; it could have been the Dawson-Jack Hansen fight; it could have been any one of hundreds of fights. It could have been a preliminary fight, like the one at Sydney Stadium a few months ago between Murray Murray and Cyril Roberts. That

fight was typical of goals it showed that goals is not the sole property of champagne.

The fight was but a minute old when Roberts crashed a right hand to Murray's jaw. It was a beautiful punch and Murray hit the deck hard. He gained his feet after nine seconds and was knocked down again. At the bell he wobbled to his corner and none would have blamed him had he failed to come out for the second round.

Murray continued to take punishment through the second and third rounds and no one would have taken 19 to 1 about his chances of winning. But Roberts was not in the best condition and the repeated aggression of Murray, even though he took terrible punishment, sped Roberts. His punches began to lose their direction and their sting, and, in the fourth round Roberts went down under a light punch because he wanted the spell. At the end of the fourth round Roberts was on the floor again and it is doubtful if he would have regained his feet in time. But the bell saved him.

In the fifth round Murray, his face a smashed, misshapen lump, tore in and hit Roberts with everything and Cyril went down and out. It was a terrific fight; it was a colossal performance. And the crowd went wild with delight; they cheered Murray to the echo for his courage. The crowds like courage. That is why they go to fights. Because all fighters have courage it is an integral part of a fighter. No man without courage would even enter the ring. But some display more than others.

One of the outstanding acts of courage was displayed at the Tommy-Murray-O'Neil Bell fight on March 3, 1945, when Burns, the Australian champion, was battered to

a pulp yet won the fight by a knockout in the 11th round. Burns was not knocked down in the fight, but he took infamous punishment in what was the greatest fight ever seen in Australia. His left eye was closed before the fight was half way through, the left side of his face was swollen to twice its normal size. Then his right eye began to close and the right side of his face swelled like the left.

At the finish, the swelling had met at the chin and Burns' head—some face was unrecognizable and the size of a soccer ball. Yet he fought back, and at the start of the tenth round he was a shade in front on points. Near the end of the 10th, Burns hit the Negro with a speaking right which drove him on his heels back to Bell's own corner. Burns arrived there at the same time and he knocked Bell to a sitting position. The bell rang when Joe Wolfe had counted to six, but no one heard it, owing to the noise of the crowd. Then his attention was drawn to the clock and Wolfe walked to the referee's corner. Burns knocked out Bell at the start of the 11th round.

Frank Flannery was not as tough as Burns, but his heart was as big. Frank never knew when to cry enough. In his Empire title bout with Frankie Johnson, of England, Flannery was up and down like a yo-yo until the tenth round when his spirit could no longer force his body against.

Frank was the man against Jack Hansen when he won the Australian lightweight title. Flannery was sent to the floor and was out when the bell saved him in one round, but he fought back against the terrible biting power of Hansen and knocked out Jack in the ninth round.

Then came the time when Flannery

lost his title to Pat Ford. He took as much, if not more, punishment from Ford as he did from Johnson and the fight was one of the greatest ever seen in Melbourne. No one should be expected to take so much. But Flannery fought himself to a standstill until he was knocked out in the 10th round.

And after the fight Ford showed up, dressed and walked to Flannery's dressing room to console him. He was anxious to see Flannery, whom he had expected to see still lying down, dressed and combing his hair. Flannery said: "Don't detain me Pat. I'm in a hurry. I'm going to a dance."

You can't store a spirit like that. Jack Hansen kept on getting off

the floor when opposed to Freddie Dawson. But, in the seventh round Hansen could go on no longer.

It was quite that made Tony Canzoneri one of the most loved fighters in American history. He never knew when to quit and he won a few titles, too. American fans still remember Bob Olsen when he lost his world lightweight title to John Henry Lewis in 1935. That one went the distance and many regard it as the greatest fight ever seen in America.

Then there was Jess Willard. He was not the best heavyweight the world ever saw, although he was the tallest champion. But the night he lost his title to Jack Dempsey, back in 1915, all the world pulled to



"Slippery, isn't he? . . . He just doesn't like anyone to hold him."

his side. His jaw was smashed by Dempsey, his face was swollen like a soccer ball and his body was covered with welts, but he kept on coming out for the following round. He kept on getting off the floor until even his spirit could not take it any more. He quit in the interval between the third and fourth rounds.

One of the greatest light-heavyweights Australia ever possessed was Ambrose Palmer. He was a brilliant boxer, so brilliant that people just never could picture him being beaten by a man his own weight. Then he met Deacon Leo Kelly, head-biting American Negro, at Sydney Stadium. They had met before at Leithhardt when Palmer won on points after Kelly broke his nose and three ribs.

At Sydney Stadium that night in 1929 Palmer was forced to take punishment. In the fifth round he was stopped. He had been on the floor and his eye was badly swollen when the referee halted it. And Palmer cried—not because he lost the fight, or because he had suffered, but because he thought he had let down his fans. Actually, Palmer walked past fans through his defeat then through all his victories.

Sometimes you will see a fighter taking punishment without flinching. That man is tough. The boy with even more guts is the fellow who is not so tough, the boxer who loses heart, yet still fights back; still comes off the floor. When you see a boxer repeatedly getting off the floor to take punishment, you are watching a man with guts. Maybe he is doing what fully realize what he is doing when he gets up a couple of times in a round. But, if taking a beating, he returns to his corner and comes out again for the next round, you have to ad-

miro him. Because, in that terrible spell, he realizes what he is up against; he knows what he has to face in the next round, and he has had time to collect his thoughts and to assess his chances.

Yet, the crowd leaves a fighter with super guts, but don't think they are callous in this regard. Far from it. They will cheer a kid who fights back but when they see a boxer taking punishment with no chance of winning, then they call for the fight to be stopped. Just like they did when Harry Brown was smashed by Freddie Dawson about 12 months ago at the Sydney Sports Ground. Harry had been doing all right for three rounds, then Dawson got on top and, in the fifth round, Freddie hit Brown a beautiful right hand punch on the jaw. Brown went down immediately, but on the way down Dawson hit him again with the same punch on exactly the same spot.

Brown beat the field "fun", but Dawson came in again and knocked him to the floor a second time. Again Brown got up and Dawson cut lower. It was obvious that Brown was beaten, he had nothing left but courage, and the crowd called for the referee to stop it. But the third man in the ring let it continue into the sixth round. The crowd was appalled as they saw Brown take a further shellacking in the fifth but the slaughter went on until over ten spectators of the round had passed. Then the referee stopped it.

Brown's display was courageous but foolhardy, a fact which the crowd realized. But, if Brown was brave, what of his father, Reg? He sat in his son's corner and did not throw in the towel! You have heard of some accidents, this was a second who must rank as the bravest father!

A shooting in a locked room is always a puzzle—except to this officer's imprisoned brother-in-law



Wired for a SHOOTING

BASIL WELLS

THE sprawling barnlike Stays heretofore lifted its ugly slate-roof towers that rooled the steep slope of Gleeson Hill. A long extension ladder set into the front lower's tight dressness reached above the second story to the base of a dragon-topped tower spreading from the roof covering the attic.

"There's no question about it not being outside!" demanded the fat

little man with the tomato-red face and the blur of snowy hair.

"Course not, Fred," snorted Sheriff Matt, his lanky body twisting out of the seat of the black pick-up truck. He pushed the plaster cast of his left foot to the ground and tumbled for his crutchbox. "Leonard Stays planned, said they found him in the library."

"Old bird have Hall Forbes fixing the roof," said Fred Rogers, "if he

was planning to do. You know how tight George always was with his money."

Sharif Moti's heart, at slught at his brother-in-law's words brought a way smile to Fred's lips. Leo Mott considered him to be an impractical, money-grubbing clown whose ideas were bound to be ridiculous.

"George Stagn was a good citizen," the sheriff said approvingly, resting his weight on his crutches, "and he was careful with his money."

There was meant to be a dig at Fred. Most of Fred's profits from electrical wiring and the fixtures he sold went for books and fishing equipment. Fred coughed, checking back a chuckle.

"Come right in," invited a voice from the porch steps. "He's upstairs as we found him, Sharif."

Fred studied the man and woman above them as Sharif Mott worked his painful way upward. Five constant steps he must climb to the porch level, his fractured ankle swinging.

Leonard Stagn was tall and light-haired, the memory of stamper in his uneven walk. His Davis was tiny and dark, her rounded arms and plump face deeply tanned.

It was the girl who had spoken. "We heard the shot while we were walking out on the lawn," she was telling Mott hurriedly. To Fred it seemed that her voice was shrilled. "We went up. His lay dead before the fireplace, the gun beside his head."

"We found him," admitted Stagn. "Mrs. Proctor came next, and then Bell Forbes came down from the road. He suggested that we'd better phone you."

They were walking across the wide porch now, the afternoon sun left behind Mrs. Proctor, the house-

keeper, and Bell Forbes, Beechbridge's plumber and general repairman, were talking together there on a creaking chain-hung seat.

"I heard you, Mr. Davis," her hoarse voice boomed out triumphantly. "Trying to make out you and Leonard were together. Len was in his room packing."

She turned her pale gaze on the sheriff again. "They'd been quarreling. Len was leaving for good."

Fred walked along the porch until he could see the ladder leaning against the front of the house. The ladder passed the library's single window. Fred knew that was the library for he'd put two new floor plans in George Stagn's study less than six months before. His Davis, alone on the front lawn, could have climbed the ladder, fired through the open window and tossed the gun inside.

Or Len Stagn could have slipped into his brother's book-lined room and killed him. All Beechbridge knew there was ill feeling between the two men. But George permitted Len to run a vacant garage he owned for wages and his board.

That fact may have influenced some people that the difference between the two men had been patched up, but the ill-feeling remained. Everybody knew the cause, too. Leonard, who was twenty years younger than George, had, before his service in the Army during the last war, been addicted to fast cars, double chances and a fast life generally. He had been involved in several accidents, one of them with fatal consequences. George had spent thousands of dollars keeping Leonard out of jail.

But, after his return from the war, Leonard had seemed a changed man. He lived a quieter life, was more serious and seemed to realize

his responsibilities. It was then that George let him run his garage.

Fred came back to where his brother-in-law was crouching at Eda and Len. The sheriff didn't like the way this case of suicide was threatening to develop into something else. "Well," he said to the girl, "how about it?"

Bell Forbes chuckled and ran his broken-knocked fingers through his stiff reddish hair.

Bell was a great one for practical jokes and gambols to implement them. These things did not make him popular at the Stagn's, which fact annoyed Bell no end. The move they wanted at his job and his gambols, the more he laughed—and the more jokes he played. Right now he seemed to be taking a great deal of pleasure in the unbridled emotion that had developed at Stagn's.

"Might as well tell him," he said to the girl. He wet his lips, grinning. "Remember that I saw you down there."

Eda's face darkened and then paled. She looked at Leonard.

"Told you it was silly trying to say we were together," he told her. "Why lie about it? George killed himself."

He blinked back an angry gleam. She nodded.

"Silly of me," she admitted. "I was on the lawn alone. I looked up and saw Mr. Forbes a moment later the man went off."

"And you thought maybe Len . . ." Sharif Moti's voice trailed off questioningly.

"I was the first one to reach him," said Len quickly. "He was bleeding and groaning. I bent over him. His thought I had shot him."

He laughed shrilly, his eyes shifting from the girl's face to Moti's long weather-beaten features.

"Why don't you ask Mrs. Proctor where she was?" snapped Mr. Davis angrily. "She's always threatening to leave for a new job or to get married again. She would, only, George had promised her ten thousand dollars in his will."

"You—cheap!" shrieked the housekeeper's voice. She sprang toward the smaller woman. Fred thrust himself in her way and held her back.

"Come on up to the study," said Sharif Mott nervously, his crutches tapping on the bare boards of the porch.

"Up her and him," Mrs. Proctor's shrill voice cried out, "looked up the whole thing. Len killed him. She was going to swear they was together. Now they ain't got a leg to stand on."

Bell Forbes was standing in the open doorway grinning delightedly at all the excitement. Now he went ahead of the sheriff and the others up the steps to the second floor.

Apparently Mrs. Proctor disliked the two young people. That dislike was probably mutual. Now that George was dead she would be leaving. Len and his were engaged, and two married couples in Beechbridge employed housekeepers at other servants. So she was vowing her oath.

Bell, her accusations might be covered up by her own guilt. So far, of the four possible murderers in the Stagn household, she and Bell Forbes had eliminated one another—unless of course they were working together. Fred doubted that possibility. Of course Forbes might be planning to blackmail the girl if she were really.

"Argued all through dinner," The noon meal was always dinner in Beechbridge. Mrs. Proctor was still talking. "I thought Leonard was

going to strike poor George, I did "Something about the garage. Len wanted to buy—give a note or mortgage. George told him the judgment from that car wreck came with Mrs. Black, her thefts carved now to hell here, would make trouble."

Sharif Mott granted something and swore under his breath at the last few steps of the staircase:

"Fifteen thousand it was," mimicked the housekeeper's voice up ahead, "and George wouldn't pay a penny of it for Len."

"I'd have paid it off," broke in the younger Shayn. "She'd have taken it in small payments. Her lawyer said we that George wouldn't listen." His voice thickened. "He wanted to keep me driving cars here under his thumb."

"I've tried to get him to leave

before," his pen in "It's a few mechanics. The Metzger Iron Works had plenty of help."

They left the stairs and turned left along a close-ribbed strip of black rubber carpet tacked stiffly over the thick green rug of the hall. The second door on the right was the dead man's study.

"We'll have to consider murder a possibility," said Sharif Mott to the others. "I'd know for certain when we take paraffin tests of his hands. If he did not fire a gun there'll be no barrel powder on them."

He turned to the waiting quartet. "The same test will be given to you at my office."

Fred cowered under his breath. He'd sensed that his brother-in-law knew something of fingerprint lore and the other tests when he

was elected six months before. But now Mott had applied the whole business to them. All of them could explain how they had been placed at a target or shorted at a bid.

He walked. Oddly enough, none of them volunteered any such information.

Three of them had a motive. The Shayn estate must be worth half a million dollars. Leonard and his would inherit that. The ten thousand dollar bequest to Mrs. Forbes was another motive. As for the repairsman—he had been on the roof.

Fred bit his tongue. Something that Mrs. Forbes had said sparked his brain. They had been arguing about Leonard taking over the garage and why George had refused. Maybe he'd found a motive after all.

He hurried down the stairs to the front lawn and climbed the ladder. As he peered the window he caught the smiling angry scowl of Nell Forbes.

Up the short ladder at the back of the tower he scurried to the flat metal-throated chimney of the house beside him. He climbed the weathered metal framework supporting the sooty downspout and peered down into the black opening.

There were fresh scratches grooved in the rectangular opening nearest him.

From below hoarse voices came up to him. The open fireplace in the study must lie directly below him. He caught sight of a black cord looped over a rusty nail inside the chimney. He pulled it up.

It was a painted pole of light wood and metal with a number of fine wires traversing its length and a mirror attached at its lower tip. Most interesting of all was a sliding arm of slotted metal X's

that could be extended or shortened.

A heavy foot jerked the metal rod. It clinked quickly down from the drafter's support to face the narrowed blue eyes of Forbes. He had released the cord and the rod went snapping down the chimney. It would cross the offset fireplace and end up in the basement.

"One of your gadgets?" he inquired.

"That's for sticking in your nose," cried Forbes.

He scooped up his slating hammer and slashed at Fred's head. The little electrician ducked and dived at the bigger man's legs. Nell Forbes spilled backward—off the narrow deck of the tower roof. Forbes bounced as he struck the metal gutter at the next stage's bottom, then bounced, stretching, off into the ravine on the house's north side.

Fred winked at his brother-in-law. Goodbridge's news correspondent was pumping him about the case.

"Forbes lowered the rod to the fireplace. With his penknife and the revolver attachment he could fire into the library. He shot Shayn, then made the gun drop beside George's head."

The sheriff was warning up now. He brandished his watch.

"Nell Forbes wanted the fifteen thousand dollars coming to his wife, the widow of Harold Black, from Leonard Shayn. And with George dead, Leonard could pay it. So he tried to make it look like suicide."

The reporter scribbled busily in his blue notebook.

"And you," he said, "with your foot in a cast, crippled, told him 'plan'."

Matt cleared his throat. "Um, yes. Fred helped some."



"You got your laughs, don't you?"

CAVALCADE

W. WATSON-SHARP

HOME OF THE MONTH



ALTHOUGH the majority of Australian houses consist of two bedrooms, there are many instances in which a three bedroom house would be desirable.

Cavalcade offers a suggestion for a home of these dimensions, which is quite up to the minute in layout and treated in a modern although not extreme style.

Each bedroom contains its own built-in wardrobe and there are, in addition, coat and linen cupboards in the main hall. The garage is attached to the house and is entered from a wide verandah which, treated in a modern manner, is becoming, once again, a very popular feature of the Australian home.

The area of this house, including garage and verandah is 1,800 square feet. The minimum frontage required to accommodate it is 56 feet.



No.

14



A fortune from begging

BY A. M. HOGAN

THE Russian newspaper, "Pravda", recently reported that many beggars in the big cities of Leningrad and Moscow were living in luxury—owning, renting, out-of-town mansions and maintaining expensive mistresses.

In the United States not long ago a man who died in the pauper's ward of New York's Bellevue Hospital was discovered to have deposits in 43 banks all over the country. Altogether he was worth over 100,000 dollars—and it was all made by begging with a bundle of penny pencils.

Beggars in West Germany have banded together and saved up the country into invasions, each of which is methodically "worked" with the methods of high-pressure salesman. No member of the co-

ordinated reported earnings of less than 100 marks a day (about \$31) over the year 1933.

India was recently declared to be "baffled" by the problem of dealing with the country's beggars. They have doubled in the last five years and now number 3,000,000 full-time operators. The reason is probably the jump in their reported daily "take" to an average of 15 shillings each—a tempting lure as it is much more than they could probably earn by full-time work.

All of which seems to show that begging is booming everywhere into big business. And that is not so surprising when you consider the career of Joseph Cherron, Europe's "King of Beggars", the first man to bring planning and study and method to the slim trade and in-

GIFT CASES

How would you like to work at a place where cars are given to all employees who have worked there for five years? That is what Al Griffin, owner of Grif's Machine Products, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is doing. An consistent bar, Griffin built up his business from an outlay of 100 dollars and he believes in sharing profits. He employs 20 men, and, as two men finished their five-year service with him last year, they were given a new car each. As the other employees qualify, they will get a new car each, also. But that is not all. Each year they get a new bar.

ROMAN FIND

Romans known 2000 years old were dug up at an ancient Roman site at Pompeii, Yorkshire last year. Experts found them perfectly preserved by the tarmac acid in the soil. This has caused England's Department of Scientific Research to experiment in finding a way of using tarmac acid—a product of tar, used in treating holes—to protect oil and water pipes from corrosion.

SKITTLED

When a man broke his wrist, thus losing his grip and skillness in playing skittles, he appealed to the court. The English judge awarded

him £100 damages. Said the judge: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Earning wages is not the only thing to be considered. This man has lost the only sport he likes." Skittles, the skittle player, said in evidence, that he was a member of a team which were skittle champions for nine years. Now he stays at home, rather than let down his team.

BIG BUY

Attorney L. J. Meinel, of West Virginia, who likes to buy old property, bought a lot for \$5 dollars at a tax sale. Then he found a \$5,000 dollar school on it. By mistake the lot had remained on the non-delinquent books after it had been taken over by the education department. Meinel sold the school board, can have its property if someone will refund his \$5 dollars.

LONG LIGHT

In Cleveland, Ohio, a woman complained to the local council that a street light shone through her window. She was asked how long she had lived there. "About 15 years," replied the woman. "Has the light been shining into your room all that time?" asked the council. "Yes," she said, "but we are a little slow in asking for things around here."



Joseph Cherron, Europe's "King of the Beggars", became a millionaire by devising new begging methods.

monopoly in vast possibilities.

He spent 30 years—and made a fortune—teaching the art of begging. His methods have spread around the world. Why work, thousands have asked after hearing the gospel of Joseph Charoux, when, by peddling some simple tricks, you can make a comfortable living out of other people's charity?

Joseph Charoux died in 1924 at the small town of La Nouvelle in Southern France, aged 85. He was rich, for he had invested his money with the same ingenuity he demonstrated in acquiring it. He owned blocks of shop property in Paris and many other towns, all of which steadily increased in capital value after he acquired them.

The man called the "King of Beggars" was an unrepentant cynic. He possessed the inner flair for organization and for broad planning, the same natural gift for human psychology, that seem to be innate instincts for those who, from nothing, have developed into masters of money and captives of industry.

But Joseph Charoux did not turn his fertile, creative brain to the problems of legitimate business. Instead, when a young man, he decided to apply himself to the organization of the pitiful starving beggars who from time immemorial had thronged the streets of European towns.

In 1858 he formed what he called the "Société des Mendicants"—a business association of beggars. To its members—or his "partners" as he liked to call them—he offered details of new and improved methods of separating the charitable—and glibble—from their cash.

The price was either a substantial fee or a small percentage of their future earnings. Some beggars refused to pay but most of his "part-

ners" paid him to ensure they received details of new, sure-fire "tricks of the trade" that built out of his quicksilver imagination. Altogether Joseph Charoux invented over 500 new and original "tricks" for street beggars.

Charoux's wives are not so well-known in Australia. People who have lived in Europe, however, are almost certain to have witnessed one or more of them in operation at one time or other.

They may recall seeing a shabby but clean-looking man strutting down a street begging a heavy suitcase and with a small boy trotting along by his side. He stops a pedestrian. Obviously by his dress and speech he is from the country. In a harassed, bewildered tone, he asks where he and his son could find lodging for the night that will cost no more than a shilling.

There is a pause and, during conference, the shy "father" explains they only arrived in the city this morning. On the street, he reveals, a pickpocket stole his wallet with all his money.

The "hand-out" is now almost complete. The child may pipe up with a plaintive "Tas is hungry, daddy." That should be enough to move even the hardest heart, but if not, "daddy" himself will wail, "Oh, how can people be so wicked!"

That is a cue for the child to burst into tears. "Daddy" follows suit, though obviously trying to hold back the tears by biting his lips.

Even in 1880, Charoux's "partners" were able to gross at least two pounds a day by using that trick. By the time of his death, a good "offer of the tale" could cover at least five pounds a day. With today's inflated values, the profit should be at least twice that.

There are beggars all over Europe,

and even the United States, who, for half a century, cheerfully paid Charoux 25 per cent or so of their earnings from that and similar "patented" tricks.

Even more successful as a money-maker in the trade "classic" known as the "Witch Play". It could be worked either by an old man or an old woman—always neat, clean and respectable in appearance. The only "props" are several boxes of matches.

The beggar appears at dusk in a good-chess street. A match is lighted and used to conduct a search along the gutter. He strolls down, the oldest conjuror to peer at the gutter until a passer-by stops. Still lighting matches and looking, the trickster explains that a last solitary coin has been dropped—too big enough to provide food and fire home to an starving family.

Few people fail to hurry to assist the search. When nothing is found, few again depart without producing another coin for a receptive palm.

Of all his wives, Joseph Charoux himself preferred what he called "La Mater" or "The Gravid", which he invented in 1880. It is still in operation. A few months ago an English newspaper columnist described how he had seen it performed in a restaurant on a visit to Brussels. With a naive air of "what-will-they-think-of-next!" he recorded how an "artist" at the game got several crisp notes from a pair of "ladies" dupes.

The scene is a middle class restaurant at lunch or dinner. A man, of any age, enters. He is neatly and tidily dressed. His clothes should be of good quality but in obviously ancient condition. He sits at a table and orders a cup of coffee—nothing more. While he waits he stares around him—not at the other customers, but pointedly at the

pieces of food set out before them.

"His face," Charoux declared, "should have the right expression of a child looking in the window of a toy shop."

Now comes the climax of the act, for which he has already surreptitiously dropped a small crust of bread on the floor. He glances down, sees the bread and bends down quickly to pick it up. He puts it in his mouth and begins to chew with the gusto and enjoyment of a man who has not tasted food for a week.

He says nothing. He does nothing to which any observer of the law could later take any exception. Certainly he does not ask for the food—and money—which is proverbially pressed on him by one or more enthralled spectators of the show.

Joseph Charoux provided other services for the beginning fraternity as well as devising constant new methods for them. Thus, from 1885, he distributed a "Dictionary of Beggars", which was actually a list of names and addresses of wealthy likely victims. It started with details in a small booklet of 400 French aristocratic families. Gradually it grew until it provided information of 10,000 prospective contributors in France, Britain, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland.

The information was culled from newspaper social pages, directories, financial reviews and personal investigation. The book was designed for the elite operators of the beggar racket, whom he referred to in the argot of the trade as "persons of importance".

These members of the begging hierarchy visited the donors in their own homes. They posed with some plausible story as social equals. Names and gossip slipped off their tongues in drawn whispers—but the information was actually ob-

lated from Cheron's "Dictionary of Deceit".

No more than 100 copies of the book were prepared and issued each year. Cheron supplied them to a carefully selected list of potential interviewees and they paid him a fat percentage for their collection. Despite tempting offers from myriads of outsiders for copies, he could never be persuaded to increase the yearly edition.

The lucky recipients not only had to pay him the demanded take-off. They had to convince him they would never let the information get into outside hands. Of course, few of them would consider divulging the secrets to it. That would automatically increase their own competition.

The facts that the "Begger King" provided varied with each prospective victim. Each told enough for a plausible tangle to manufacture a tale—and back it up with details that disarmed suspicion.

Thus one entry in the "Deceit-ary" was as follows: "Barnum— is very superstitious, has spent the last 10 years in Algiers, was educated at the Military Academy in Paris. The man presumably to be expected from him by 'friends of his youth' down on their backs is 300 francs."

The entry on the Baron coincided with the names of two of his teachers in his school days. Those names, recalled all glibly, would convince the victim that here was certainly an old boy of the Academy who must be helped.

For the section of the same trade which catered by penning beggar letters, Cheron published a handbook of hints and advice. It contained an appendix of 300 model letters—each outlining a different "barnum" to work the trick.

His advice was that the successful

beggar letter should consist of four parts—the apology, the hard-back story, the request for financial aid and the promise to repay.

"Let the apology be brief and original," he wrote. "The request should always be supported by a document—perhaps a notice to quit purportedly signed by your landlord."

"Never ask for a vague sum. A request for 'fifteen shillings and sixpence to pay the rent' has bigger and better chances than a request for ten shillings."

"In the promise always mention the exact date. 'I'll pay back your kind loan on the 14th August' is good. But 'I'll pay back on the morning of the 14th August' is much better."

Despite the wealth that flowed to him from his glibful chants, Joseph Cheron lived quietly, even humbly. In the small town of La Nouvelle. He liked to dress in the class but shabby garments that he advised for professional beggars.

He retained the philosophy of the beggar, although a millionaire. Nothing pleased him more than to sneak off to another town to try out for himself some new beggar "ruse" he had just invented.

When he died his children found a notebook in his room in which he had recorded 30 brand-new "tricks" for a beggar to spring on a prospective giver of alms.

They still have it, although obscured by increasing numbers of others from all over the world by people who want to try it.

Competition in the trade is growing everywhere. Millions of alms seekers areavid for new and improved methods.

The notebook should seem a fortune to anyone capable of utilizing the tricks on a cynical basis as did Cheron.

Louise was a master SPY

COLIN MERRILL



THE girl crossed motions, near a high backed steel fence charged with enough electric current to scorch an ox. She was waiting for a figure to appear from out of the darkness. The rendezvous was a prearranged spot on the Dutch-Algiers border.

Soon a large bearded man came to her, muttered a word of identification and she replied with the secret password.

The girl was Louise de Beffigniet, a young Frenchwoman who had enrolled in the British Secret Service for the duration of the war. Her early-looking companion was Alphonse Verclapen, a Belgian who, in peacetime was a smuggler. With the outbreak of war he became a reliable guide of Allied spies. At all times Alphonse smoked of tobacco and drank, but he was a genuine patriot and was willing to do a dangerous job for his country.

It was an autumn night in 1941. The fence was a fence of death in more ways than one. Periodically German searchlights would sweep the vital boundary between battleground and neutral territory, and guns were always ready to shoot if anyone were seen trying to get through. To add to the danger, on the Belgian side of the fence were wires, cunningly concealed on the ground, which exploded landmines if touched with the foot.

She was brave, brainy and

quick-witted—just the right

type to be a master spy.

Quietly Alphonsus hid Louise through a thick clump of trees to a spot near the frontier fence, where he went down on his knees and dug at the loose earth with his hands.

In a few seconds Alphonsus had uncovered a large hole previously prepared, the top earth of which was only camouflage. He crawled into the hole and Louise followed. A minute later they were standing in occupied Belgium, with the steel fence behind them like a grim, armed sentinel.

Alphonsus knew every inch of the territory and how to dodge the concealed wires, he had done it many times. The main risk was the watchtowers.

They walked on through the night. Towards Lille Alphonsus had always tramped at night, so the darkness presented no obstacle or terror for him.

Passports, travel permits, identification and all other necessary papers had been provided for them by the British Intelligence from a special "bureau" in London. With their faked documents they were able to move successfully, the challenges of the German sentries—and there were many—as their way to Lille.

They reached Lille without mishap and Louise immediately went to her home in the Rue d'Isly. Her mother, a widow, had moved to St. Omer with her daughter when the Germans came to Lille, and her servant, Clothilde, was alone in the house. After a meal, Alphonsus departed.

There began Louise de Bettignies' career as a spy in World War I. She had come to occupied Lille on the specific orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army to obtain as much information as she could about German strength, move-

ments, armaments and their morale.

Louise's 'spy' name was 'Alice Dubois'. Her identification paper described her as 'a mother and seller of lace'. She had been provided with ample money, and carried a well-worn imitation leather handbag which was to play some part in her subsequent adventures.

With the suspicious eyes of German patrols and airlines watching her at all times, Alice travelled about, 'selling her lace'. Actually she was recruiting her team of fellow conspirators, the most important of whom was Marie-Louise Vachonville, a short, energetic young woman who kept a shop in Lille.

Marie-Louise became 'Charlotte', a scrupulous 'professor of chess' and Alice Dubois' first lieutenant in espionage. A chemist and his wife, a manufacturer, a newspaperman, and others were also recruited.

Paul Bernard, the map-maker, was able to write a 2000-word report in invisible ink on a portion of transparent paper which could be parted on one of the leaves of a pair of spectacles. His assistance proved to be invaluable.

Added by her team of fellow workers, Alice Dubois then began her job in earnest. The windows of all buildings lining the railroad had to be watched by day and carefully blacked-out at night. That was as the railway proceedings of German wounded could not be counted.

Alice Dubois and her assistants made a tiny hole in one of the blinds of a window that lined the railway, enough to serve as a peephole, yet not visible from outside.

When the hospital trains went by, the top of a feet indicated the number of one railway car, and a confederate recorded it, knowing roughly how many wounded there would be in each car. They were



Was able to calculate how many wounded men had passed by as a particular hospital train. The paper record was destroyed immediately, the final figures were reconstructed, then passed on to Alice for transmission by her personally to London.

Before Alice had been able to get Paul's clothes piece of spy machinery into working order, she had to have resort to sheets of Japanese rice paper. One night when she was walking along a road on her way to a certain rendezvous carrying a lantern, containing a lighted candle, she was stopped by a patrol who took her to the guardhouse. There she was searched by a German police man known as "Le Grenouille" (The Frog), who addressed Alice to the skin. Finding nothing incriminating, The Frog let Alice go. If she had looked inside the lantern, and particularly the candle, she would have found the secret document squeezed into the small space.

Sometime later, Alice and her lieutenant, Charlotte, were on a mission, though apparently headed for a picnic in the countryside. While they were eating some of the contents of their picnic basket, they were pounced upon by the German patrol, and again handed over to The Frog.

Charlotte was eating a bar of chocolate, and Alice a sausage. Charlotte offered The Frog a bit of her chocolate, and Alice her sandwich, while turning hastily to the sausage.

The Frog was used to such tricks, and refused both offers. She looked at Alice Dutka and minutely examined her sausage. But she found nothing and in vindictive disgust the old hettlesome flung them both out of the guardhouse.

If Le Grenouille had searched the

obvious thing, the bandage, she would have found more than enough to send both girls to their execution.

Getting over the Dutch-Belgian border and so to England to report was always a problem. At one point was a deep canal for which Alice who was a fine swimmer, had secretly designed apparatus. She swam this canal many times. On one occasion she made the hazardous journey with Charlotte, who couldn't swim. They obtained a large baker's kneading trough to serve as a raft for Charlotte and Alice pushed it over while swimming. Fortunately they got through.

Occasionally she found it necessary to stay at a certain inn at Ghent, in Belgium, where searches by the Germans were made almost every night. When this happened, Alice jumped out her bed, flung a dark cloak over her shoulders, climbed out of the window on to the roof of a shed, and got away. By pre-arrangement one of the landlady's children would then take possession of Alice's disarranged bed, and when the Germans inspected it, they found it occupied by a child known to the searchers as one of the landlady's children.

Louise de Battignies, alias Alice Dutka, learned that spying was fraught with danger. For her it was one dangerous episode after another, like one day when she was carrying some important reports for delivery to London, a sentry asked to see her permission to travel, reminding her that she needed special permission to get through that particular zone. Alice did not have that permission.

She offered a bribe but it was no use. Then she saw a high-ranking German officer emerging from a mansion close by. Alice recognized him as Prince Rappach of Bavaria,

commander-in-chief of the German Armies for that matter. A few years before, Louise had been governess to a German family of Baden-Baden, and she had once played bridge with Prince Rappach who, incidentally, had lost heavily on that occasion.

Alice Dutka left the sentry, and walked up to the Generalissimo. "Your Highness, don't you remember me?" she asked. "I met you at bridge at the house of the Countess de Baden-Baden some years ago."

Though with some diffidence, the Highness said that he did remember her. With this performance the sentry was so impressed, overawed, and dumfounded that he asked no more questions. The important secret dispatches were duly delivered in London by Alice herself.

But luck, and even cleverness, don't let people, spies especially, get away with it for ever, and Alice Dutka was to meet her "Warrant". Alice's lieutenant, Charlotte, had found her way, quite accidentally into an unexpected trap, and had been arrested and taken to a prison at Rothenburg.

Alice heard of this and her exploits became increasingly exasperated in consequence. There soon led her into dire trouble, and she found herself in the prison at Rothenburg where her lieutenant, Charlotte, was incarcerated.

Alice and Charlotte were tried together on charges of spying, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

Before the Court adjourned, the women appealed, in turn, for the life of the other to be spared. But it was no use.

But just before their execution, General von Bawling spared their lives, giving as his reason that Ger-

Drumsticks in blood cells are a good indication of men. His is 100 neutrophil cells point to a female; more means that the blood is from a male. A neutrophil cell is one which can be mistaken by a normal eye. A drumstick is a little bump, shaped like a drumstick, which you can find on one lobe of the blood cell nucleus. It is made up of chromatin, which is the easily stainable part of the cell nucleus, or carrier of the genes in inheritance.

mans knew how to render homage to Berlin.

Maria-Louise Vachette, alias Charlotte, got fifteen years' hard labour, and Louise de Battignies, alias Alice Dutka, life imprisonment. They were sent to different prisons in Germany.

When the British Army entered Cologne in November, 1918, they entered a cemetery in which they found a wooden cross bearing words which told of the death of Louise de Battignies on September 27, 1918. She had died of typhus while in prison.

Later, this outstanding heroine, the trader and seller of laws, who had been much decorated by more than one country, was accorded a funeral in France with full military honours.

Maria-Louise Vachette, otherwise Charlotte, "seller of laws", was set free when deliverance came, and she returned to her shop in Rothenburg.

He was doing a Run with my girl. There had to be a way of stopping him—only I didn't mean it to turn out the way it did.

FRED JAMES



THE WAY IT HAPPENED

MAYBE if I write it all out, like Doc told me, then I can settle down and get a steady job—like a man again. And maybe I can sleep nights! "Write it down, step by step, just the way it happened," Doc said, "sometimes that helps a guy compose."

Of course, Doc isn't a real doctor; he's just a bum who came as fast. Everybody calls him Doc, though, and some say he was before he cracked up. Myself, I don't think he's sane. Doc and I have had some real sensible talks, drunk and sober. Anyway his idea is worth trying—anything's worth trying . . . now.

I'm not going to deny that the way the accident happened wasn't my fault. But I swear that I only

meant to scare Jake off the job. I didn't realize that the image of him, as he roared screaming through the conveyor, would never leave my mind. I didn't realize that he would come out of the hospital the way he did.

And I didn't realize that I'd suddenly wake up in the middle of the night and lie there until morning, afraid to return to the terror of my nightmare.

Perhaps if you've ever wanted anything bad enough and knew that you were losing it, you will understand how I felt about Docie and how I came to do what I did.

Most of the help around a cannery is pretty rough, the women as well as the men, but Darrie

wasn't that way. She was different.

You should have seen her all dressed up and wearing high heels. Sometimes I'd really bum at the way the fellows eyed her as we walked by, then sometimes I'd just feel sort of proud to have her there beside me. Sure I was in love with her—cray, mad, wild as love with her. And I think she loved me too. She said she did.

But that was before Jake Bass came to work on the pulping, as my helper. He was a handsome devil with his dark-red hair and that mountaineer—strictly the Galile type. He wasn't a big guy, but he was built like a wedge. You could see the squares of his arm and shoulder bulge under his shirt whenever he moved them. Handsome, smart and cocksure; I didn't like him from the very first. The foreman hadn't finished introducing us before I caught Jake staring Darrie.

"Not bad at all. A very neat package," he said, grinning at me. "O.K.," I answered, feeling the red on my neck, "have it until you're through work. Now I'm going to give you a quick once-over of the job, then you can ask questions as you go along."

I walked toward a hand truck, loaded with two-gallon cans. "A boy brings these empty cans down the warehouse and loads them on that conveyor," I told Jake. "The filler places a can under each of those six spouts and opens the valves. When the cans are full, he shuts off the valves, moving to that guy down at the end, who turns a crank that moves the conveyor. The gal there places a cap over the label hole on each can, then paints the edges with acid. You stand next to her and edge the caps on."

"What do you do?"

I swallowed then. "I tip."

"Oh! On any job like this that I've worked, the guy that did the soldering was boss of the gang."

"Yeah?" He was right, but the tipper has the most free time, and I worked it the way I did so that I could keep an eye on things. "Well, here it's different," I said.

He shrugged. I pointed to a table back of the conveyor. "Your gas-line torches are there. You have two irons, one is heating up while you're using the other."

"Yeah, I know." He snatched away to the torches, flipped up the steel jets, and placed both irons over the flame. One of the torches flickered, then blazed back for a moment. Jake jumped and backed away. So he'd worked jobs like this before? Maybe . . . but he was afraid of a torch.

"Let's go, gang!" I yelled, as I placed my tipping iron on the torches to heat.

Jake peered in front of me, an ugly glint in his eye.

"What's the deal, fellow? You working for a name?"

"The hatch is ready," I answered.

"So what? It won't cool in a minute."

"So when I say 'let's go,' that's what I mean."

"Oh! That's right, you're the boss." He picked up one of his irons.

That was the way it started the first day, and each day after that it got worse. He taught the gang how to run a batch through slow, which to them meant more time and more pay. For this they crowned him king. Oh, I was still in charge of the gang, but he was 'the great leader.' I didn't like it, still I could put up with it.

What I couldn't put up with was the way he got around Darrie. We still had our evenings, even though they weren't always so pleasant

now, but we didn't have our days anywhere. Jake was always there!

On the line, he was between us, in the place where I had once stood. Of course, I could have moved him—I could have done the soldering. Yet I could imagine the smart gun that would have greeted such an order.

Then too, Dorrie might have felt that I was taking advantage of my position. And it wasn't at all though he didn't do his job. He did not, to be fair about it, he did it well. We had less luck that year than ever before.

So John Egan came, he saw, and he conquered. And I began to hate him. I began to hate Dorrie and even myself. Because I found that I was becoming a snitch, spying on them. I'd start up to the cook room and step on the steps, looking down to see what they were doing. It got so bad that I disliked leaving them alone long enough to go out to the tool room to fill the gasoline tank.

And there I first put the idea. Something had been wrong with one of the torches for some time. Whenever you turned up the jet, it would sputter, then flare all of a sudden. What would happen, I wondered, if you filled the torch carefully, spilling gasoline down the side, then forgot to wipe it off?

I remembered how Jake had jumped that first day and how careful he always was around the torches. He was afraid of them.

But I didn't do anything then. And maybe I never would have, if Dorrie hadn't started going out with him. I had to break it up some way. The only thing to do, I decided, was to make him quit, scare him off. And I thought I knew how to do it! Then perhaps . . . Dorrie and I . . . if it wasn't too late already.

That day I didn't fill both torches at once, as I usually did. I knew that had torch would run out sooner or later and I figured that I could stall long enough so that the other torch would be almost empty by the time I returned with my lucky trap.

We hadn't been back from lunch half an hour when the first gas did suddenly arrive. I picked up the torch, started for the tool room, then instead, went upstairs for a talk with the cook. After that, I took a walk through the warehouse, just to see that we weren't having any leaks. While I was there I decided that I'd better check our supply of solder—I didn't want to run out. So . . . the wheel began to turn.

When I finally got back to the pulp line, Jake was waiting impatiently.

"Where the hell have you been?" he demanded.

I stared at him indifferently. For the first time since he'd been there I felt easy, sure of myself. "Who wants to know?"

"There's no gasoline in the torches. The whole line's held up. You can't get any production . . ." "You working for a while, now?" I interrupted. "Tell you what, anytime you run out of gas, just take a little out to the tool room and fill it."

He looked up quickly. "Not me! That's your job."

"Your job is to do anything I tell you!" The whole gang was watching us, even Dorrie. I could feel the smile playing around my lips. This was my chance to arrive! "Now, let's get going!"

We waited a moment, then took the torch from me and placed it on the table. He struck a match, lighting the jet at the same time. And that's when the caps of my

glasses failed to catch. In a quick puff of flame the gasoline on the outside of the torch caught fire.

Jake jumped all right, but at the same time he must have opened the jet wide. The flame shot to the ceiling, and he just stood there.

He took a step back, but it was too late. A dull boom, like scuffed thunder, sounded, and the torch blew up. Tongues of fire shot out weakly, greedily. They flicked at his clothing and hair, and they caught and burned.

Then he moved; I tried to get to him, but he was running—past the process room, up to the cooling tank, between the packing tables—and he screamed as he ran. The factory emptied. They spread away from the running sheet of flame that was Jake Egan.

Jake was almost to the warehouse before I got to him. He was on the floor rolling and moaning and uttering muffled, shrill shrieks. I tried to haul out the remaining Dorrie, but they kept coming up.

Finally, somebody came with a

piece of canvas. We rolled him in it, and I guess that finally smothered the fire. Then we unrolled him . . .

I didn't go back to the pulp line. The superintendent seemed to think it would be better if I didn't. Instead they put me out in the receiving yard. I was there when Jake came back to arrange for his settlement from the company. You'd never know it was the same man.

He . . . he wasn't handsome anymore. Dorrie was waiting for him. I hadn't seen her since the day of the accident. Her lips were set in a straight line now, and her eyes were narrow and hard. She didn't speak, just stared at me, then turned away. That night I collected my pay and left town.

I don't know what finally happened to Dorrie and Jake, but whenever they are, I know they're together.

Well, there it is, just the way it all happened. Maybe now I can get a night's sleep. Just in case though, I'd better pick up another pair of gin. That's worked before.



"We've having left overs for supper!"

Patterns of



Bathing at your own

Pulchritude



Sophistication in a sweater

Photo by Neal Hickey



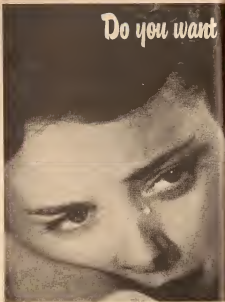
Exploring the sun's first rays



Light and shadow

Photo by Noel Wickey

Do you want



a wife or a mistress?

A lot of lovely-looking women can't give satisfaction to some men — because nobody can be happy with the wrong kind of male, male or female.

TALK (Sydney) six o'clock and I was drawing to the close. The last beer had been pumped and the hoarse-voiced publican was pleading almost with tears in his voice for the last of his patrons to leave the bar.

"Let's go on to the club," suggested one of the three.

"I don't think I will, I want to get home," the second objected.

Two belly laughs greeted this prime joke.

"Run out of credit at home?" asked number three of the party.

The objector became a little riled.

"As a matter of fact," he said, a trifle coolly, "I happen to like going home."

"Why on holidays?" asked one of his drinking pals.

"Oh, he doesn't want to go home, he just has something lined up for himself on the side," the other contributed.

The objector shrugged. "Please yourselves, fellows; I just happen to like going home," he insisted.

It didn't have to be because of the complaints he would receive from his wife if he stayed out; it didn't have to be that his wife was on holidays. It could have been that he meant simply what he said: that he liked going home.



In the mood of an idle news-dropper he raised the inevitable query: why did the others want to make a night of it? They weren't the only two in town that night who didn't want to go home. Many a man who wants to make a night of it will vehemently contend that he is happily married. Yet if he pauses and looks at the thing squarely, he will admit that the first week back at work after his honeymoon he wouldn't have stopped for a drink if the stuff was being given away. In those days he was in a devil of a hurry to get home. But over a period a change developed: he lost the first honeymoon to get back to his wife at the earliest possible moment. He graduated to a position where it was a treat to stay out.

Maybe it is sheer gallantry that prevents some men from admitting outright that they are disappointed in their wives. Maybe it is a feeling that they would be killing themselves down to admit that their wives aren't important to them any more.

But the fact remains that it is a pretty common experience to be disappointed in women, usually in the woman one marries.

It isn't surprising that a very large number of men are disappointed in their women. The Anglo-Saxon relationship between man and woman is traditionally awkward and unsatisfactory. In Australia the relationship between the sexes forms a major interest in talk and writing, but in actual social practice scarcely any mature attitude exists.

Time after time, at a mixed gathering, it is common to see the men of the party loitered together talking things out while the women present get into a corner and have their own little pee-wee. The few

people who try to coordinate some social grace by mingling with the opposite sex invariably run the risk of meeting (a) the jealousy of their own female companions; (b) the criticism of males who haven't the power to follow suit; (c) the suspicion of the women they approach, who feel that they must be on guard because a man is paying them attention.

The difficult situation is that here, as elsewhere in social life, the ideal and the real are as far apart. It is recognized that men and women should mingle socially; but for them to do so involves every type of comment and criticism.

There is a constant suspicion that the underlying motive for the approach is sexual; and this preoccupation with the sexual implications of a situation is by no means a good foundation for social intercourse.

The present writer found himself one night at a hotel and in a small country town. He went to the only cinema in the town, with the idea of killing the evening, but found that the programme was as old as so far as he was concerned.

Standing idly outside the cinema he gradually became aware of a position so unusual that at first glance it seemed impossible. Here about two hundred people were standing in groups talking; but every one in that group was a male. A few yards away an equally large number of females were congregated.

The ball went for the session to begin slowly, in groups, the people outside went into the hall. They went in according to their sex. Only one woman went into that ball escorted by a man—and she was pregnant.

This phenomenon was so strange

that the writer decided to return at the end of the show to see how these people came out again. They came out as they went in—groups of men and groups of women, with hardly a good-night exchanged between them. It seemed that there must be a local rule forbidding men and women to speak to each other after dark.

On the following morning the observer mentioned what he had seen to a worker of the town. He said, quite frankly, "They don't like funny business. They don't like the men around here getting fresh with their girls. It would go pretty hard on anybody who played around with a girl here."

"But you don't have to mean monkey business just because you

take a girl to the pictures," the observer said.

There was a wealth of cynicism in the voice and expression of the townsman who said, "Don't you?"

The experience must constitute a minor social document. Certainly nobody expected to find smooth and sophisticated society in this small, rustic town. But the deep suspicion of one sex towards the other, and the cynical disbelief of the townsman that there could be an innocent partnership between a young man and a young woman attending a cinema, constituted a social maladjustment which must have had some explanation.

And the fact still remained that these men and these women were



"There, but for the fact that he makes only twenty quid a week, go I."

point to be served out, by some queer process, to become husbands and wives in the fulness of time. What kind of success these marriages could have would be strictly on the parent level—a home based on a duty partnership, policed by fear and jealousy, with freedom being the right of the man and suspicion the greatest fear the woman could have.

This situation wasn't observed before the first war, either; but only two to three years ago in a town-ship which, though self-contained, was by no means isolated.

It is an extreme example, but observation of numerous social gatherings over periods of years has shown, in a greater or lesser degree, the same basic phenomenon—the reluctance of men and women to mix socially, except where they are all well known to each other, and not always then.

The stereotyped jealousy of men for their womenfolk is on display; the fear of the women for the opinions of her particular men, is evident.

What will people think of a man who tries to get friendly with another man's woman, whether she is wife or girl friend or sister? And what will people say about a woman who allows herself to be drawn into too friendly converse with a comparatively strange man? Is she a flirt, or is she loose, or is she trying to make another man jealous?

The odd fact probably is that, in a brief half century or less, the taboos have been officially turned off; women have gained a vote; they have worked alongside men; they have earned recognition, as they say. But they have not yet learned how to use it.

Nor have men learned how to take advantage of the emancipation of the opposite sex.

Of course there is plenty of room for saying that this state of affairs no longer exists, and it is rather nonsense to suggest that men and women are still half-frightened of each other, that look at the position. Observation of it brings one that to light: that the freedom of the sexes exists very largely within small groups of people. Members of a school club become friendly to the point of losing their reticence; members of the staff of a business house form a social group among whom there is possibly even too much freedom; but take a boy from the club and a girl from the staff of the business house, and the old artificial suspicion comes to light.

A young fellow in a good job with a nice car and a very personable manner told this writer about a particularly nice young woman he met at a private dance. He was asked to drive her home, and she was not very keen on the idea, but she accepted courteously. In the car going home there was a strained silence, which she only broke once or twice to remark on how late it was. When the car finally pulled up outside her house she leaned over, kissed the young man deliberately and firmly on the mouth, and said, "That's all you're getting, thanks for the drive," and jumped out of the car.

As he pointed out at the time, he hadn't made any advance towards her; but she had a feeling that her duty was to kiss him good-night, and she kept her part of that trifling bargain—in her own unsatisfactory way.

Another business was that of a young bachelor who liked to lie on the bench smoking himself. He was attracted one day by a very well made young woman whose attractive and general deportment indicated that she was not prone to

the admiration of the opposite sex. She came over to him and struck up a conversation. She made herself very agreeable indeed, and he finished the evening buying her a drink after they had dined. He found her very attractive, explained to her that he had an appointment to play golf that afternoon, and would like to meet her again. She agreed and gave him a telephone number. When he called her up a few days later he found that the number was not the correct one, though she had written it down herself; and a few days later saw her with another man. He saw her often after that—always with different men; and when she saw him she showed no sign of recognizing him.

It was quite obvious that she had no intention of letting her acquaintance go beyond a casual and immediate date; and that she had no intention of becoming friendly on a stable basis with any of the men she picked up.

A young secretary, a most attractive young woman, once told the present writer frankly, "I prefer going out with married men—they can't afford to talk about it." Whatever psychological background there was to the girl's attitude, one point was beyond dispute—that she had a strong desire for masculine company and an acute fear that she would "lose her reputation" through man trifling. Hence her choice of men who couldn't "afford to talk".

These patterns of behaviour all add up to the unsatisfactory situation which exists between the sexes, for all their so-called emancipation: free in dress and manner and in name, they still find that in place of the conventions which used to restrict them, they are now hampered by their own emotional com-

plexities—their fears, jealousies, and suspicions.

A new shrewdness has come to both sexes when they assess their opposite-sex contacts. The men wonder what the women are after; whether they will cause difficulties; whether they are sincere in their affection. The women wonder whether all men are "the same" as they so merely say; whether they are fast and foremost interested in intimacy; and even when women are prepared to meet them on the most intimate terms, they still fear that they will be talked about afterwards.

It seems fairly obvious that such an unsatisfactory relationship generally is no really solid basis on which to form an attachment. Where the social interlocking of the sexes is stilted, and where men and women view each other with suspicion from the start, there never could be a first-rate chance of their forming a permanent satisfactory relationship between themselves. Perhaps that is the first reason of all why, ultimately, men find themselves disappointed in their women. Their whole social experience predisposes them to be disappointed.

But against this social background there are some special factors which have to be thought about. Unless a man is going to be disappointed in a woman he must (1), choose the woman intelligently; (2), not have any unreasonable expectations regarding the woman he chooses; (3), satisfy himself that there is an all-round change of the relationship developing satisfactorily.

Thinking about the women of classical times, one finds that there are portrayed in myth and legend all classes of women. The Greeks gave us Venus as the great beauty

of all time—a buxom woman, thick in the waist, round-stomached, and with wide hips and shortish legs. They gave us also Diana, the goddess of the state, long-limbed, high-breasted, lean as a hunting dog, swift and accurate in the kill. They celebrated the female Medusa as a sorcerer with serpents in her hair, whose stare could turn men to stone.

Venus was passionate; Diana was athletic; Medusa was cruel. They were three kinds of women. The same three types of women always have and always will exist. They are basic types, and there are many modifications of them, but a man ought to have his eyes open to the wide difference between them when

he goes about choosing a woman.

Some attempt has been made from time to time to show that a woman's physical structure is some indication of her character and personality—and whether it is sheer imagination or has a foundation in fact, the attempts have always run along the same lines as those accomplished by the ancient Greeks in their mythology.

The voracious, fleshy, full-bodied woman has always been associated with ardor and passion; the lean, bony, long-legged woman has always been accepted as the athletic, active type; the face of Medusa was a beautiful mask which chilled men as they looked on it;

and the cold, repulsive face has been accepted as the symbol of ugliness in women.

Jim Kack, the blonde heart of Helena, was a modern Medusa, a hard-faced woman of respectable figure whose soulless cruelty ruled her out as something separate from her sex—there is a whole tribe of these women populating the world, not all of them make impressions of human dirt, not all of them reach the level of sadism and degradation for which Jim Kack became infamous. But they all share the mannish characteristics which are foreign to their sex. The French novelist George Sand was a woman—a cold, ambitious woman who desired so much to be a man that she not only dressed as a man, but adopted a man's name for her writing, and lived the life of a man. It has been pointed out that she had an attachment for the composer Chopin; but Chopin being what he was, that proves nothing, except, perhaps, that when a woman of this kind seeks out a man it is to use him for the furthering of her own ambition.

The Diana type, who is not so much a huntress as an athlete, is a kind of woman who is coming in to her own in the twentieth century—whether she drives fast cars, rides horseback, drinks cold dawn, or goes fishing, she craves physical action, excitement, and may very rightly be described as "a real pal" for any man who wants a woman to share his athletic life.

She is probably the ideal wife for the golfing maniac; she would, in many instances, help her husband conquer the sea, or paint the horses, she would, if happy with her mate, prove seasonally adjusted, too; but the romantic woman in the life of a man married to Diana would undoubtedly be ruined.

There is the kind of man for whom she would be the only conceivable mate. There is the kind of man who would identify her, who would be devoted to her—if engaging a woman who challenges your golfing handicap or catches a bigger fish can be called devotion.

But the man who married Diana must have a strong competitive spirit; he must be what she is—an athlete. He must have energy to spare, and he must sincerely enjoy the competitive life he is going to lead. This will probably be made possible because Diana will have her measure of independence. She will stand on her own two feet when her man is not about to lean on. She will enjoy her athletics, if not with him, with somebody else. She will be much less of a tie than other kinds of women, and much more fun. But as she will fall down, if anywhere, on the romantic side, she is best suited to a man who does not over-emphasize the romantic aspects of life, who can take his sex or leave it.

Well, you can't have everything, and in Diana you have a lot of high-spirited fun, and a good compensating a certain amount of freedom, and not too many demands. If, at times, it would be nice to have the male ego boosted up by the dependence of the woman with worshipful eyes, it's just too bad. Diana's husband hasn't married a woman with worshipful eyes, and men's expect to have that male, protective feeling towards an energetic wife who, if occasion arises, can probably protect him.

Diana was the problem of the chase, and nobody said that she wasn't interested in men; but she was liked not for her womanish proclivities, but for her achievements. It was Venus, after all, who was the goddess of love. Venus with



"George, straighten up. You're frightening him!"

the deep, full breasts and wide hips, the narrow demands.

Is it imagination, coincidence, or just nature, that makes the successful woman the symbol of sexual attraction? She is, certainly, the most fortunate of her sex and she is the most emotional, the most sensitive, the most helpful, and the most ardent. She won't go dishonored because the book burns the fat; if she plays golf she will probably do it badly, she will not have business ambitions, and she certainly will not stand readily on her own feet. She will be inclined to burst into tears, she will get hurt and huffy, she will delight in dressing herself up and then in being admired. Her husband will have to dress her and escort her and protect her. And in return she will love him with a fiery ardor.

No strong competitive spirit is necessary in the husband of Venus. She needs a dominant man, who can make up her mind for her without offending her sensibilities; she needs a man who can provide for her and protect her, who can cherish her, who can anticipate her needs and spring little surprises. She will feel neglected if he stays out with the boys, and she will show it in no uncertain way.

But she will never, like Diana, fall down on the romantic note. She will place a good deal of emphasis on the physical intimacy of marriage—singles, made unhappy by her husband's attitude, she feels hurt and undervalued. Then she will withdraw into her emotional shell.

Otto Wengler had a theory that women fall into two groups—those who were predominantly sexual and those who were predominantly maternal.

He suggested that the sexual type valued their emotional satisfaction little, and made good

women only when their children were the result of a satisfactory emotional life. They would not care if they never had children, so long as they were sexually satisfied by their partners; with them, the partner is the thing.

The predominantly maternal woman, he held, wanted nothing so much as children. They would be happier as single women, knowing that their mother love on adopted children than they would be married to an ardent husband and not having children. They would, however, be well balanced sexual mates—so long as they had children to keep them happy. But with the one type it was the mate who came first; with the other type it was the offspring that was of paramount importance.

All these types of women, the Diana, the Venus, the sexual types, the maternal types, are that way by nature. What they may become by circumstance is something else again.

We have mentioned the newlywed man who at first married home instinctively to his wife—but later didn't mind staying out with the boys.

He would be a man who, over a period, has become disappointed in some measure in his wife. But what has happened over the same period in her attitude to him?

If he has married a Venus type, whose whole emotional life was wrapped up in him, and whose great moment in the day was when he came home to her, maybe he finds she has changed. Why? Because she had had to adjust herself over the period to a sense of disappointment? She is the sensitive type; maybe one little job after another has made her draw into herself. Originally she was the sexual type; but she had drawn

into herself to the extent that she cannot, now, yield an spontaneity and gladly as she used to. Her husband's circumstances has made her that way. But all he sees is her in that she is not the woman she was—and he is disappointed accordingly.

There is no system for teaching the common sense of daily life, or the philosophy of growing old.

The only way ordinary mortals learn about the constant changes of time is by experience. Most often they do not know the meaning of their experiences until it is too late to make use of it. Most often their first reason to experience is emotional, rather than intelligent.

As a result it is common for

people who are asked to expect too much of each other, or to expect the wrong things.

The sexual type of woman who used to run gladly into her lover's arms, did not have desire to scratch and scratch to do and children to look after. She did not live on a strict budget and she did not live alone from morning till night day after day.

When she was tired in the evening, and had neither the energy nor the inclination for love-making, it was not a sign that her affections had waned; it was just a sign that she had been working pretty hard and wanted a little peace and relaxation. But being a woman, and not very good at words, she didn't find it easy to tell the idea to a



"I'm not really a criminal, sir. It's just that I can't get along on the money my husband gives me."

husband whose idea of relaxation was to make love to her. And he, not being very good at understanding situations, felt he had suffered a frustration, which may very well have been true.

Probably he expected too much of her. Possibly he expected that after five years, with numerous responsibilities and worries of her own, she should still be the daisy-dish and be used to play tennis with before marriage.

In a recent novel a husband complained to his wife that she doesn't keep herself as smart as she used to. She retorted, "Before we were married I used to dress myself—you dress me now."

That's the common thing in married life. But a husband who expects his wife to have the clothes and hair and complexion she had as a working girl, must expect something else as well—to foot the bills she used to foot for those things. After all, when he married her he should have had an idea that something like that was bound to happen.

Now it is no disgrace not to be able to afford these extensive expenses to keep a wife dressed up like a business girl; but if this is the case, it isn't quite fair to expect her to look like one. And often the money a man spends with the boys would lead to a more gratifying result if he spent it on the girl he married.

A lot is said about women and their clothes and their vanity, but there is a purpose in their clothes and their vanity, and the purpose is to attract the male. And, by the way, name any male who doesn't like to see a smartly dressed woman. Or women who doesn't dress to attract men.

When a woman looks that, in a simple house frock, she is still

attracting the male, she is more than likely happy in a simple house frock—because she is still achieving her main purpose. But soon she feels that she is not attracting the male, she is apt to become critical of that housefrock and blame it in part for her failure. Because whenever they say about fashion, women first and foremost dream to emphasize their sex appeal. The advertisements tell you so.

A French fashion designer said that his business would be ruined if all the women of Paris were happily married. He knew how much of his trade went on bolstered up women's frayed egos, behind women in their desperate bid to continue attracting a man whose attention was starting to wander.

The man who makes the most of the coming situation, who continues to be attracted to a wife who cannot dress like she used to, is much less likely to be disappointed in her—and much less likely to face the "nothing-to-see" slopes.

The man who expects married life to be a continuous sexual orgy is in for a bad disappointment. But the man who expects his marriage to trail off into anticlimax is a sad case, too. And both are so wrong. What each should expect is that the significance of sexual behaviour will change; that they will find deeper meaning and more satisfaction in the intimacy that occurs, and that they will find it the bond and seal of a relationship which, while it has lost the half-blooded fervor of courtship, has gained the tranquil strength of a well-managed partnership.

A good deal of disappointment comes from not knowing a woman well enough before marriage.

Again, hand in hand with the misconception of which we are so

very proud, there is a strange lack of freedom. This writer once asked a friend who was about to marry, "Do you and your fiancée think alike about sexual matters?" The mate friend stormed, "Do you think I'm such a low swine as to talk to her about that?"

The estranged decency of the frayed would have been highly commended by his grandfather, but it didn't sound quite honest coming from a modern young man. He was only kidding himself, but it didn't really matter, because she broke the engagement and married somebody else—possibly some low swine who did talk to her about that—and consequently gave her the feeling that she would have more confidence in the future.

How the devil, in an age of under-wear advertising and beautiful contacts, can anybody pretend not to know what little girls are made of?

On the other hand, what little girls are made of is not the only thing to be considered.

It is fairly obvious that the link between marriage and sexual intimacy is so strong that the two are inseparable. Failure to consummate marriage is a sufficient legal reason for having the marriage set aside. The law recognizes a marriage only with the sex act as part of it.

But neither the law nor right thinking people believe that marriage is only a nice ward for sexual intercourse.

Because of the nature of marriage, physical attraction is a very important factor in what is known as falling in love. But a considerable number of beautiful make unhappy marriages. This may seem strange at first not so strange when one considers how hard it is to weigh up other things about a beauty.

It isn't easy to set aside a near-perfect figure, sparkling eyes, and a quizzical manner, just because a girl can't cook. It isn't easy to look at an accomplished girl and ask yourself how she could handle a household budget. Perked in a car with your arms round her isn't the time to consider her taste in music or whether she can be happy while you go fishing with the boys.

It is even more difficult to look her in the eye and say, "Look here, we got on pretty well together and I'd like you to marry me; but if you do you'll have to live on so much a week and buy one dress a year."

The last spectacular type of girl doesn't sweep a man off his feet quite so violently; with her it is easier to weigh up the pros and cons, consider the practical side, and reach a conclusion.

Which has something to do with why a lot of plain girls live happily ever afterwards while some famous beauties never seem to stay married for long.

For some strange reason, while sex is the basis of marriage, marriages can't be built on sex. And it is fairly important for people contemplating mating to know at the outset how they can work out on all-round interests. Sporting interests, social activities, leisure occupations, hobbies, balancing budgets, the kind of food they like, their domestic habits, their religious and political views, are all of some importance. At least it is important for them to be stirred on these and other things, before they commit themselves to living together day in and day out for a lifetime.

It is inevitable that there will be periods in their experience when the sheer excitement of physical intimacy will pall; what is there to fill those gaps? What is going

to interest them and keep them interested in each other" at such times?

At the beginning of a marriage this all-around aspect is not quite as important as it becomes later on. It is the development of the relationship which matters, and it is knowing that there is in the background, on each side, the influence which will flow into common bonds. And common bonds are not substitutes for something fine and fiery. Like stop-signs to hold the marriage together when romance has gone. There is a lot of romance without sex.

No phase of any mating is final. This writer heard the story of a man who became disappointed in his wife, and who for some three or four years wandered in the wilderness, as he said, accepting the fact that he was now a husband in name only.

Then things began to change—and after nearly four years he and his wife rediscovered each other. They've been happier ever since. He admitted that he went through a period of desperation in which he felt he was wasting his life living under the same roof as a woman who didn't mean much to him any more. He was about as disappointed as a man can get.

But the outcome was that the only final disappointment was in himself for the attitude he had adopted. "Fifteen years after I was married I was much happier with my wife than I was during our honeymoon," he said.

Men never have let their heads rule their hearts. Evolving a formula for successful marriage is one thing; applying it is another. It is very well to tell a man that his best chance of a successful mating is to choose the right type

of woman. The only difficulty is that when he suddenly starts choosing a woman he doesn't stop to clarify her. He takes that particular one, and that particular one he means to have.

If he takes that attitude and is disappointed, he only has himself to blame. There isn't any successful secret in selecting a woman—except to know that with her there won't be one-way traffic, and there won't be the dismal awakening to the fact that when she has taken off her shoes and put her hair in pins, the glamour is all gone.

The best wife is not necessarily the girl who was most fun at a party, or loudest peeper on the back of a car afterwards, or the hardest roller in the club.

Once the choice is right, what happens becomes the responsibility of two people; and when a man reaches the position that he prefers a night out with the boys to going home, he is entitled to say that he is disappointed in his woman. But he'd better not forget that it's his life to one that his woman, sitting at home on her own, is equally disappointed in him.

The nicest compliment paid to a wife was that of a man who said, "I love a night out with the boys once in a while, but I always have a feeling that it's going to be good to get home."

He was probably one man who, living among men as is natural enough, did not leave a disappointed woman at home when he went out.

It is, after all, a pretty poor look-out at this age of freedom if people cannot live the only lives they'll ever have without being disappointed in the people they have to live with. At this stage the game's not worth it.

YOUR BRAIN CANNOT THINK!

It is merely the vehicle through which YOU direct every action of your life.

Like an electric motor, it has to be motivated by an outside energizing force. Your thoughts are but the lesser expression of your will directed through your brain to the outer achievement of your desires and your ambition for greater achievement in life. You can learn how to direct your thought energy towards a specific objective to produce positive results. Learn how to materialize your mental powers to improve your business and social career.

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Waiting is a dull and tedious job. But sooner or later the cop-killer would have to come out.

BADGE OF COURAGE

DON JAMES ■ FICTION

THE day was hot and Bert Holliday wilted that he had worn a tropical weighted coat of a plain strap, sharkskin suit. The trouble with the tropical was its very lightness. The shoulder holster and gun made a bulge, and on a job like this you didn't want to be spotted.

He drew deeper into the shaded doorway and watched the heat waves shimmer over the pavement. It was mid-afternoon and traffic was light. Across the street the blue convertible looked hot in the bright sunlight. Above it, in the apartment building, shades had been drawn against the afternoon.

Bert wondered how long Barney Green would stay up there. Barney was with Harry Harmon. There was Barney Green and Harry Harmon and a woman named Alice Haines. Sooner or later one of them would lead the way to Mike Stibel, and Mike Stibel was wanted for Earl Ogden murder.

A block and a half down the street Detective Sam Ferguson and Hollie Haines waited in a car to pick up the trail of the blue convertible if anyone left in it. Plenty of men were on this job.

They had started the stake-out almost at once. They had a record on all of them — the three men and the woman. There had been a fifth in the group, but he had died of a gunshot wound in a dark alley. A cop named Tom Glusker

had died in the same alley, and Detective Bert Holliday had been there.

They were returning from a routine job when they saw the light start between a taxi driver and two men. The taxi driver slipped and fell and the two men fled, the detectives in close pursuit.

The leading man turned a corner into a darkened street. When the detectives rounded the corner, the men were out of sight, but an alley entrance barred the block and suggested their course.

It was only back that Tom Glusker stepped onto the dark alley first, Bert Holliday almost lost the day, but he passed a second because he thought he heard footsteps down the street. At that instant Tom Glusker stepped past him and into the alley.

The shots made vivid flashes in the night. Bert had his gun out and was shooting. He knew that he hit someone because there was a short scream. There was also the sound of someone running, and at Bert's feet Tom Glusker was dead.

A few moments later a small, dark man whispered bitterly before he died a few yards from Tom Glusker.

"I didn't have a gun," he whispered, "Told him not to shoot. He did — but I take the rap. Mr. Listen, excuse . . . Mike Stibel. Got Mike Stibel . . . that payed job last week."

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That's all he said in a hoarse whisper because a man wouldn't listen to him and now he was dying.

Late that night when Bert arrived home Jerry looked cold and distressed.

"Bert . . . I want you to resign from the force," she said.

He just looked at her and tried to think of the right thing to say. She said, "I can't stand it. I won't. You've no right, Bert. Not when you have the children and me."

"Don't," he said.
"I will. I'll say it now while you're—"

"Listen, Jerry—cut it out. Don't start that now. I've had enough for one night. Tom Glaser was my best friend. Do you think that I—"

"Tom thinking of Sarah Glaser and little Susan and Bobby, I'm thinking that it was only luck that I isn't one and Tommy and Mary. You've got to resign, Bert."

"Jerry, a man has his job to do. He has to accept responsibilities and fulfill his duty. He has to—"

"I know that viewpoint, too," she said. "I heard the commissioner give that speech the day you graduated from police school. But he forgot to mention the widows and the children."

He watched her eyes and the trembling of her lips and abruptly

he confessed things that had never occurred to him before.

"You've been frightened a long time, haven't you?" he said. "You're told this way a long time."

"Yes, Bert. For a long time."

"You've never mentioned it."

"I tried to understand what the commissioner meant that day. But I can't. I've been frightened every moment. I hate to turn on the radio. I hate to hear the telephone ring, or someone come to the door when you're not here. It might be . . . be what happened to Sarah Glaser tonight. That something happened to you."

Suddenly there was a wall between them that Bert had never known before. Now he had even seen the weakness in her eyes, her strange weakness.

"What if I don't resign?" he said quietly.

"I'll take the children and leave you, Bert. I'll do home to the father."

"That's crazy!"

"No it isn't. Always before I've met you half way. We've had a good marriage. But I'm going to have my way about this. Because I'm right. Because I have the children to think of. You're going to resign, Bert."

He stood and went around the table and pulled her up to that she faced him. He looked down

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into her eyes and smiled at her. "Let's forget this," he said. "I know how you feel, and I'm sorry about it. I'm sorry you've had all the worry. You didn't need to worry like that. I'll take care of myself."

He bent to kiss her gently, but she turned away and was stiff in his arms.

"I mean it, Bert," she said.

He released her, half angrily because she wouldn't listen to him, nor try to understand.

"We'll talk about it in the morning," he said.

"Are you going to resign?"

"No."

"Very well. That's all I want to know."

There had been no more said the next morning and when he got home from work the next night, Jenny and the children were gone. Since then he had talked with her daily. He had listened to her father's offer of a job in his insurance business and had refused it. He had reported his duty regularly, and he had gone home to an empty house every night. It was three weeks now.

Bert Holliday stood at the blue convertible across the street and told the host of the afternoon concert. It was going to a sweltering weekend.

Last Sunday he had gone to see her and the kids had welcomed him with a vicious greeting. Jenny had been friendly and reserved. Her parents had been unimpressed.

"Let's call this thing off," he said when he and Jenny were alone. "Why don't you get the kids and come home where you belong?"

"Will you resign then the force?"

"You know I can't."

"I'm sorry then, Bert."

"It's not fair to the kids. What do you think you're doing to them? They think there's something really wrong between us. They don't understand."

"There is something really wrong between us. And obviously I think more of the children than you do. I want them to have a father. I don't want to have to show them a model for bravery and explain that it represents you. That's all Sarah Glenser has."

He had gone home, angry and discouraged.

Now it was Saturday and he had Sunday off again. Maybe he could and this thing between Jenny and him tomorrow. Maybe she'd listen to reason. She must be so homesick for him as he was for her. Or maybe having the kids with her made her stand it better.

There was a drug store on the corner. He could go there and call her now. He could watch the

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY FORM OF rheumatism YOU'LL BE WISE TO READ THIS MESSAGE

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ARTHRITIS. Mrs. Treven, of Teascombe, suffered so badly with arthritis of the hands that she could hardly do a piece of work with either. After using Malgie for a month Mrs. Treven reports: "I was amazed to find I could cut a piece of polished iron with my thumb."

RHEUMATISM. Mrs. L.B., a 70-year-old Sydney lady, suffered for years with rheumatism. She was unable to walk without a stick. After using her first jar of Malgie, Mrs. L.B. wrote saying: "I am now able to walk without a stick."

NEURITIS. A North Brighton lady, Mrs. Staff, says in a letter that she was a sufferer to neuritis in both arms and legs for 6 months before trying Malgie. After home-treatment with Malgie, Mrs. P. says: "I am quite satisfied and convinced it's a wonderful cream for neuritis, rheumatism, etc."

SPONDYLITIS. Mrs. R. D. O'Shea, of Lifford, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Malgie Adrenalin Cream. I found it so good for my spondylitis of the back. I only used it three times when my back got better."

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He stiffened and the heat of the afternoon was damped by a chill. Across the street Mike Siebel got out of a taxi and hurried across the sidewalk and into the apartment building.

Mark Holladay left the shelter of the doorway and went into the drug store. He dropped a coin in the slot and dialled headquarters. Briefly he gave his information. They would radio the news to Peggy and Hester in the parking car. Men would be dispatched. The Red would be closed.

Inspector	McNeill's	Page	Year
Inspector	McNeill's	Page	Year

"Wait until we get there. If they come out and try to get away, stop them. Fergyle and Marce will be with you in a few moments. You'll all wait for me."

Number of children	Number of families	Probability
0	10	0.1
1	8	0.2
2	6	0.3
3	4	0.4
4	2	0.5
5	1	0.6

He hung up and went to the window where he had a better view of the entrance across the street.

Bart looked up the face of the apartment building Fifth Street, sixth window over. That was the apartment. Venetian blinds were lowered, but he knew that they could look down at the street before the date.

He glanced along the sidewalk. Fargus and Haines were walking briskly toward him. They were about a block away.

A movement of the animals to the apartment building caught his attention, says

Barth's pulses quickened. He turned away slightly but watched out of the corner of his eye.

Mike Hubel came out with Harry Cline and Harry Harrison.

Hari looked down the street again. Fergaty and Haines were gone. With fast opening they could be there in a few moments.

The three men crossed the sidewalk with the luggage and Gross opened a door of the blue convertible. Bart Holliday stepped out of the driveway and walked toward them. He had one hand under his coat, but the palm closed over the gun. He walked it out easily.

The three men were getting into the car. They didn't look at him until he left the curb and started across the empty street toward them. Then Barney Grodz saw him. He said something to the other two men and reached inside his coat.

"Dress 10" Each side

A car turned around him. He heard Pasquy and Haines running behind him.

¹⁰ "What you eat and how you exercise is key."

Barl said. The work came out mainly. There was too much to watch. He had to keep walking. He had to keep the gun steady.

Sobel turned and fled. But didn't know if Sobel had slipped the gun from a pocket, or a holster or from behind the seat of the car. All he saw was the quick turn and the flash of the gun. Glass shattered behind him. Possibly it was the drug store window.

Hart stopped. He raised the gas sighted, and pulled the trigger. The gun pricked as it always did on the target range. Automatically he steadied R. Kibel had slumped to the west, but Gritz was firing.

A bullet whistled past Bart's head and more glass shattered in back of him. He squeezed the trigger.

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gar again. Groat jerked back and did a crazy little whirling step in the open doorway of the car and then sprang forward on the sidewalk.

Harry Harnan lifted a gun and shot. Bart felt the solid impact of the bullet in his shoulder. It half whirled him around and made him stagger. He swung fully under his breath and tried to hit his gun. The arm wouldn't move.

Someone pushed him to the pavement. Shots mounded above his head and then it was quiet. Rolfe Harnan was bending over him.

"Bad!" Rolfe said.

"Shoulder."

"Let's see."

Bart shut his eyes and felt gentle fingers on his shoulder and the coat was lifted away.

"It's clean," Harnan said. "We'll get an ambulance."

"I think I can get up," Bart said, shaking his head.

"What for?" Harnan grunted. "The gentleman's over. And here comes the inspector."

"He said to stop them," Bart said. "You did."

When they finished with him in the emergency surgery, he wanted to get dressed.

"You're going to stay here a few days," a doctor stopped.

Bart Holliday looked up from the table, feeling uncomfortable with the dressing and bandage and tape at his shoulder.

"But I feel okay," he insisted.

Another authoritative voice spoke in back of him.

"You're staying a few days," Inspector McNeill said. He came around the table and looked down at Bart. His face was stern and his eyes were black until he smiled. "Even if you think you feel okay," he added.

"Yes, sir," Bart said. "I'd like to call my wife. If this has been on the radio, she's probably heard about it and is scared to death."

"Your wife's here," said Inspector McNeill. "She heard."

Then they wheeled Bart out of the surgery and into an elevator and down a hallway into a room. They lifted him to a bed and a nurse covered him and went out and closed the door.

Jenny Holliday was standing near a window of the room and she came toward him. She wore a bandage and she looked cool and pretty.

She stopped by the bed and looked down at him.

"Are you all right?" she said.

"If you mean the stretch on my shoulder, I'm all right. There's no sense in keeping me here."

"You wouldn't listen to me," she said slowly.

"No."

"You've got to be the big man. You've got to show you can stand on your two feet. You've got to do your job and your duty and live up to the responsibilities you've accepted," she said.

"I guess I do, Jenny."

"I should have known," she said softly. "I should have known how much man you are. That I wouldn't have it any other way. That it was you, the man, I fell in love with and married. If you'd given in and reasoned then you'd have been someone else. I — I didn't know if I would have loved that other person. Not when I'm so much in love with you as you are."

Suddenly Bart Holliday felt good.

"That's sort of complicated," he said. "The way you tell it."

"This isn't." She smiled and bent over and kissed him. He felt the warm tears on his face and when she drew away he shook his head.

"Stop crying," he said. "Everything's all right."

"If you say so, Bart."

"Not just me, Jenny. You too? Everything's all right with you, too?"

"Yes."

"And you'll bring the kids home?"

"Right away. And, Bart — I'm sorry I realized . . ."

"You resigned? I don't—" Then he understood.

He smiled and reached out for her with his good arm.

"You forgot to turn in your badge," he said. "The one a cop's wife has to wear. The one called courage."

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VICK UIPS

When choosing a girl friend, dope, consider what you want her for. If you just want funtime company, O.K., but if you are looking for a wife, remember that it matters more what's in a girl's face than what's on it.

Love is the star man look up to when they walk along, and marriage is the hole they fall into.

Before a man plunges headlong into the sea of matrimony, he should make sure he's not just one of many pebbles on the beach.

The trouble with a girl who has a nice carriage is that the boys want to see what makes the wheels go round.

In many cases a girl's favourite three things out to be an alcohol burner. Quite often he arrives on a date lit up.

We know one girl who never asks her boss for an advance on next week's salary—no, she asks him for salary on next week's advance.

A salesman asked a housewife if he could interest him in an attachment for his typewriter, and the housewife replied, "Nothing doing. I'm still paying alimony because of the attachment I had for my last one."

Alimony, of course—in case you

don't know—is the high cost of leaving.

Many a girl who dotes on romance finds she has married the asshole. She is the girl who said to her husband when he asked her if she could take a joke: "I took you, didn't I?"

A wife's advice is of little value, but he who does not take it is a fool.

It is said that the average wife takes 20 per cent. faster than her husband listens. That sounds about the right ratio. The man who has a good gag often wishes he could use it on his wife.

However, a wife with good horse sense is never a nag.

The man we like is little Pedro, who lives in Brazil. One day he was quietly sipping his beer when a man rushed in and said to him: "Pedro, I just saw a man go into your house and make love to your wife." Pedro paused in his beer drinking and calmly asked, "Was he a tall man?" Then he went on drinking. His friend, excited, said, "Yes, yes, Pedro. He was a tall man." Pedro looked up again and asked: "Did he wear a brown suit and did he have a mustache?" His friend nodded. "Yes, yes, Pedro." Pedro smiled. "Oh, that's Emanuel. He makes love to nobody."



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